

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

An Honour Well
Deserved

WE join with those tens of thousands of keen and constant followers of local football in congratulating Ho Cheung-yau of South China on earning the distinction of being nominated by a discerning public, Hongkong's Footballer of the Year.

Ho not only satisfied the great majority of those who filled in nomination coupons that he is currently the Colony's outstanding player, but that his conduct on the field throughout the season additionally entitled him to the honour he has won. The point is emphasised by one reader who accompanied his nomination with a brief note: "I am voting for Ho Cheung-yau not only because he is a wonderful player, but because he is so quiet and gentlemanly in his play." That seems to us to point a moral to all our footballers who would aspire to public acclaim.

It was always the intention of the China Mail, sponsors of the Footballer of the Year poll, to place as much emphasis on a player's behaviour as on his footballing ability to merit even inclusion in the list of nominees. This, we are happy to say, has been fully appreciated by the public, as reference to this year's voted players, as well as those of the two previous years, will testify. Fundamentally they have all displayed the required qualifications.

At the end of a season which unfortunately has seen rather more than average questionable behaviour on the field of play it is not inappropriate to reassert that the public which pays good money for clean as well as clever football is entitled to it. The brilliant, or flamboyant player, who mixes his natural skill with uncontrolled temperamental will in due course forfeit the appreciation and the respect of the public. And if he is ungentlemanly on the field he automatically degrades his ability as a footballer.

It is our hope the Footballer of the Year popularity poll will continue, in some measure, to encourage local players, and particularly those youngsters who will become the stars of tomorrow, to play the game fairly and honestly, as well as to develop their skill to a state of par excellence.

COLONY'S FOOTBALLER OF THE YEAR



Ho Cheung-yau Wins Poll

Ho Cheung-yau, South China's brilliant inside-right has been nominated by a public popularity poll, Hongkong's Footballer of the Year.

He won the title and the China Mail silver cup with a record 1,305 votes, two and a half times as many as his nearest rival, Charlesworth, the Army goalkeeper, who received 549 votes.

Ho Cheung-yau, 25, comes the Colony's current Footballer of the Year because of his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play.

He is the second South China player to win the coveted honour, Tang Sheng, who was nominated last year, being the other.

Public interest in the poll, organised by the China Mail, was greater this year than ever. A total of 3,573 votes were cast as compared with last year's 2,439.

Ng Kee-cheung of Kitchener was placed third in the poll with 387 votes.

Seventeen players received nomination votes—two less than last year.

In addition to the first three already mentioned, the following received votes: Chu Wing-keung (Eastern), Lau Chi-lau (Eastern), C. Barclay (Jardines), Au Chi-yin (Police), Yiu Cheuk-yin (South China), Lau Tim (KMB), Gassie Pereira (St Joseph's), Ho Ying-fun (Eastern), E. Moss (Police), Mok Chun-wah (South China), Tong Sum (KMB), Tang Yee-ki (KMB), Wai Fat-kim (KMB) and Teensina (Hollands).

This is the third annual Footballer of the Year poll, and the two previous winners were Mike Granger, Army goalkeeper, and Tong Sheng of South China.

Arrangements are in hand for the presentation of the China Mail Footballer of the Year cup to Ho Cheung-yau.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights of today's feature section:

- P. 5: Albert Stewart writes about Hongkong's Teddy Boys, the "Fei Tsang".
- P. 6: Are you "U" or Non-U? Nancy Mitford's new book poses the question. "Deadline and Deadline", our new series by Reno MacColl continues.
- P. 7: How people cheat at cards by Anthony Herr.
- P. 8: The Jack Cardiff story continues.
- P. 13: Sir Beverley Baxter discusses the anti-hanging motion in the Commons.
- P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports review.

ESPIONAGE BY ATTACHE

Istanbul, May 11. The Turkish Foreign Ministry today told the Soviet Embassy in Ankara that its assistant military attache was personally unacceptable because of espionage activities, and asked that he should leave Turkey immediately.

The attache, Nikola Vasilievski Iudenko, was seized last night, the Foreign Ministry said. Iudenko started spying when he arrived in Ankara last February, the ministry added.

When he came under suspicion, a lieutenant of the Turkish security force arranged meetings with him to supply "military information."

The attache was seized last night as the lieutenant gave him documents prepared by the Turkish secret service.—Reuter.

Anti-Police Posters

Singapore, May 12. Police early this morning found more than 75 Communist posters attacking the police pasted up on the walls of a Chinese school in the suburbs of Singapore, Police sources reported.

The posters, printed in Chinese, said: "Condemn the police for their action against the Chinese students during the riots of May 12, last year."—Reuter.

HONGKONG MOTORISTS TO LOSE A CAR PARK ON JULY 1

After July 1 part of Statue Square will no longer be a car park so 100 car owners will have to find space elsewhere.

The area between Chater Road and Connaught Road on the western side of the square will revert to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank.

It will become a garden once again—a garden the same as that planted at the beginning of the century and which was still in existence until September 1950.

It is probably not generally

"I AM PREPARED TO SIT DOWN AT ANY TIME, ANY PLACE TO NEGOTIATE WITH ANYBODY"

EDEN ON THE SOVIET VISIT

London, May 11.

Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden said tonight that in the interests of peace "I am prepared to sit down at any time and in any place to negotiate with anybody, if I am convinced that there is a chance to make progress."

Speaking at a congress of the Scottish Conservative Party in Perth, Sir Anthony added that he was not and never had been prepared to negotiate "when that word is a polite term for surrender."

Referring to the recent visit to Britain of Soviet leaders Nikolai Bulganin and Nikita Khrushchev, the Premier said that "with every day that passes, I am more and more glad" that the meeting of Soviet and British leaders took place.

"It is not weakness to talk with those with whom you disagree, unless you have no faith in your own cause, or in your advocacy of it," Sir Anthony added.

Eden said the British Government welcomed "the patience and thoroughness with which our guests discussed the many subjects which were our daily fare."

"I look forward to further discussions with them," he added. "Soviet policy may be evolving," Sir Anthony continued.

"If they are, this would be in accordance with the history of many revolutionary movements." The increased understanding between Britain and Soviet Union that had arisen from the London meetings was "a clear gain," said the Premier.—France-Press.

Two Murderers Executed

New York, May 11. Alfred Brauer, aged 30, and Leroy Sullivan, aged 25, were shot simultaneously this morning by two firing squads in the courtyard of the Utah State prison.

The two men were tied to chairs with black hoods over their heads and shotgun targets were pinned to their shirts to show the position of the heart.

The five-man firing squads were formed of volunteers and a rifle of one in each squad had a blank cartridge.—France-Press.

Tories Admit Labour Gains 386 Seat

London, May 11.

The Labour Party tonight claimed a net gain of 264 seats in the nation-wide municipal elections, as results still came in.

But the opposing Conservative Party credited Labour with even greater success — it put Socialist gains at 386.

The swing to the left was more pronounced in the provinces than in London. Labour has captured control of 22 councils throughout England and Wales, and lost it in seven others.

Voting yesterday for the 193 borough (town) councils of England and Wales, and London's 23 metropolitan local government turnover involving thousands of seats.

Labour's gains were in sharp contrast with the municipal elections year ago, when the party registered a net loss of 800 seats.

This was just a month ahead of the national election, which swept Sir Anthony Eden into power as a trebled Conservative majority in parliament.

These municipal elections were, however, for a different group of seats to those contested this week.

Labour now holds majorities in 111 borough councils in England and Wales and 194 urban and rural councils. In Scotland it controls three of the four biggest cities.—Reuter.

THE FROGMAN INCIDENT

Moscow Requests Explanation

Moscow, May 11.

The Soviet Government announced tonight it had sent a note to Britain stating that Soviet sailors aboard the cruiser Ordzhonikidze which brought Marshal Bulganin and Mr Khrushchev to Britain, saw a frogman approach the vessel while it was in Portsmouth harbour.

Moscow radio, which broadcast the Soviet note, also quoted a British note in reply.

The Soviet note said that during the stay of Soviet warships in Portsmouth, at 7.30 hours on April 19 seamen on board the Soviet ships observed a frogman floating between the Soviet destroyers.

The commanding officer of the Soviet ships, Rear-Admiral V. F. Kozlov, mentioned this in a conversation with the Chief of Staff of the Portsmouth naval base, Rear-Admiral Burnett.

But Rear-Admiral Burnett categorically rejected the possibility of the appearance

of a frogman alongside the Soviet ships and stated that at the time indicated there were no operations in the port involving the use of frogmen.

PLEASE EXPLAIN

The note added: "In actual fact, however, as it transpired from reports published in the British press on April 30, the fact that the British naval authorities had carried out secret underwater tests in the area where the Soviet warships were anchored at Portsmouth was confirmed."

"Moreover, the carrying out of these tests resulted in the death of the British frogman."

"Attaching great importance to such an unusual fact as the carrying out of secret frogman tests alongside Soviet ships on a friendly visit to the British naval base of Portsmouth, the Embassy would be grateful to the British Foreign Office for an explanation on this matter," the Soviet note concluded.

BRITISH REPLY

The British note to the Soviet Embassy in London, dated May 9, as quoted by the Soviet news agency, Tass, in Russian said: "As has already been publicly reported, Commander Crab carried out frogman tests, and as it is assumed, lost his life during these tests."

"The frogman, who as reported in the Soviet note was discovered from the Soviet ships swimming between the Soviet destroyers, was to all appearances Commander Crab."

"His presence in the vicinity of the destroyers occurred without any permission whatever, and Her Majesty's government express their regret for this incident."—Reuter.

TO HAVE TEA WITH QUEEN

New York, May 11. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will entertain tomorrow President and Mrs Harry Truman to tea during their visit to Britain, Mr Truman said today before leaving here in the liner United States.

Mr and Mrs Truman, who will make a seven-week tour of Britain and Europe, will also dine with Sir Anthony Eden, and lunch with Sir Winston Churchill.

The main purpose of Mr Truman's trip is to receive a honorary degree from Oxford University.—Reuter.

Leaves For Greece

Bonn, May 11. Professor Theodor Heuss, the West German President, left here by special diesel train for his official visit to Greece, his first trip abroad as President.—Reuter.

How not to give a Tennis Party

Bad hosts are born and not made; not everyone can make a failure of a tennis party. Nevertheless there are certain observances which may be relied upon to reduce the chances of success.

For instance, do not roll the court before the guests arrive. Let them do it themselves while you maintain a flow of good-humoured banter.

Do not mend the holes in the wire-netting. Searching for balls in the middle of a ding-dong game is a great fermenter of temper.

AND ABOVE ALL, do not on any account provide long ice-cold drinks of Rose's Lime Juice for between-the-sets refreshment. If the imperfect host were to forget by chance this cardinal rule of hospitality, the sharp and utterly satisfying tang of Nature's most thirst-quenching drink could not fail to produce content. The party would be a success.

ROSE'S
Lime juice

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

NOW EVEN QUICKER ACTING

Shelltox

Flying insects carry disease into your homes. Protect your family against these germ-carrying pests. Spray Shelltox regularly and destroy them before they settle.

IT KILLS THEM BEFORE THEY GET A CHANCE TO SETTLE

DEMONSTRATION

Karnachi, May 11. About 300 demonstrators shouted anti-French slogans outside the home of the Prime Minister, Mr Mohamed Ali, today, calling for denunciation of French policy in Algeria.—Reuter.

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To INDIA To EUROPE To JAPAN

NOW FOR EVERY FIRST CLASS PASSENGER A

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Check these advantages:

- ✓ Constellation and Super Constellation comfort
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AIR-INDIA International

Fu House, 7, Ice House Street

Tel. 2274 or 2313

KING'S PRINCESS

OPENS TO-DAY

SHE KNEW WHAT HE WAS... and she was afraid!
...yet even in her terror every fiber of her being cried out for his love!

JOAN CRAWFORD - JEFF CHANDLER
Female on the Beach
JAN STERLING
CRED: KELLERMAN - CHARLES BRUCE - BIRTH EYE - MARBLE SCHWARTZ

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
King's at 11.30 a.m. Princess at 11.00 a.m.
Julio Adams & Richard Carlson in "THE SEA AROUND US" & "CREATURE FROM BLACK LAGOON"
Disney-R.K.O. present "TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS" "DONALD DUCK" & Co.
At Reduced Prices

HOOVER LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 72371 KOWLOON TEL 60148, 60240

NOW PLAYING 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

Color and CINEMASCOPE
LOVE IS... M.G.'s Big Star Comedy-Romance
"The Tender Trap"
starring Frank Sinatra - Debbie Reynolds David Wayne - Celeste Holm with JARMA LEWIS
Produced by CHARLES WALTERS - Directed by LAWRENCE WELLS
With PIERRE LINDENBERG SOUND

SUNDAY MATINEE
Hoover 12 Noon Liberty at 12.30 p.m.
"THE STUDENT PRINCE" "BLACKBOARD JUNGLE"
Starring Edmund Purdom Starring Glenn Ford

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd BIG WEEK!
NOW SHOWING • THE 9th DAY!
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS
CLIFTON WEBB - GLORIA GRAHAME
CINEMASCOPE
Produced by ANDRE HANAU - Directed by ROYAL HANAU
Screenplay by HUGO BALESTR
Released by 20th Century Fox

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
Stan Laurel Oliver Hardy in "A HAUNTING WE WILL GO"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Reduced Admission
Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

SHOWING TO-DAY 2.30-5.30-7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
IN HIGH FIDELITY STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND!

JAMES DEAN
REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE
CINEMASCOPE
Also starring NATALIE WOOD with SAL MARI
Screenplay by NINA GOLD - Screenplay by NINA GOLD
Directed by NINA GOLD
SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
Mark Stevens in "JACK SLADE"

FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

"Female on the Beach" is one of those nervous (I use the word in the English sense, as opposed to the American) highly-charged pictures in which Joan Crawford excels, that are forever hinting at mysterious happenings and sinister motives, but that always end, like a shaggy dog story, on a note of anti-climax.

It's as though Miss Crawford had wrung herself so dry of emotion during the telling of the story that she hadn't enough left at the end to be convincing—or possibly, that she so loves to be in front of the camera that she hasn't the heart to bring down the curtain and always leaves her able to budge the director into letting her have yet one more scene.

That's not to say that "Female on the Beach" doesn't keep up the pace of tension throughout—it does, and whenever the dramatic possibilities of one scene of the plot have been nearly exhausted, a new point of interest is introduced before the concentration lags. It's merely that, Crawford fan as I am, I still think the endings of her pictures are weak and that "Female on the Beach" is no exception.

I liked her performance. It was more controlled and less revealing than usual and when she was being so persistently by the highly suspect glances, Jeff Chandler, one felt sorry for her, which is surely a new sensation to be evoked by Joan Crawford. Naturally her clothes are a delight. The costume designer, a Las Vegas gambler, would dress well, and Joan Crawford's dress designer has taken full advantage of the opportunity.

With regard to the characterisation, it is not as strong as it might be, with the exception of Cecil Kellaway and his wife, Natalie Schafer, are interesting with apprehension to the drunken babbling of a woman off set, while Jeff Chandler, outwardly unconcerned, is obviously implicated in the trouble in some way. The woman's voice rises hysterically as her fuddled mind has hit on a solution to her problem—she will go to the police.

Next day she is found dead on the beach. The veritable rail is snapped and when the police are called, as a matter of course, to investigate, it could quite easily have been an accident—except that we, the audience, are obviously expected to suspect that it's not.

This is the cue for Joan Crawford's entrance. The rest

of the cast have provided the atmosphere for her, and in she walks like a queen, to carry on from there.

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This Week's Films In Pictures



Jan Sterling and Robert Mitchum in a scene from "Man with the Gun."



Joan Crawford in the picture "Female on the Beach."

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used twice in recent films. The scene is an expensive apartment. Two men are talking. One is the host, the other the visitor. The door opens, a gorgeous girl walks through, the host barely acknowledges her and she makes her exit. A second girl goes through a slight variation of the same act, then a third. Visitor goes, host shrugs. It was funny the first time, but please, no more.

Frank Sinatra has a chance to air some of his dry humour and arrange his mobile face into several eloquent expressions and David Wayne, though not as successful with his facial contortions, does better with the spoken word.

As for the ladies, Celeste Holm is her charming self—a mistress of the wisecrack yet without Eve Arden's hardness, while Debbie Reynolds is all that is inferred when one woman murmurs to another "Isn't she sweet, so simple, so unspotted."

Based on a successful New York play, the picture spends a lot of time in the apartment of Frank Sinatra and might have produced less claustrophobia if more outside scenes had been included. The best indoor scene is the aftermath of the party given to celebrate Frank Sinatra's engagement—to two girls. This is really funny, but for the rest, I was disappointed.

Mitchell's Mutiny

I regret it hasn't been possible to see "One Man Mutiny" but with Gary Cooper in the leading role that of General Billy Mitchell—and Ralph Bellamy and Rod Steiger in the roles of defence and prosecution lawyers respectively, it can't fail to be interesting.

The body of the film is concerned with the court martial in 1925 of General Mitchell. His crime was that he acted in an unauthorized way in bringing what he thought to be the entirely inadequate strength of the American Air Force at that time, into the open.

Only by becoming a guinea pig and by doing court martial charges against him of treason and disobedience did he think he could create enough "disturbance" to draw attention to the death traps that American fliers were given to fly and to the immediate need for a large Air Force.

It's a picture I shan't fail to see.

A Western

Jan Sterling can be seen for the second time within a week in a western with Robert Mitchum, and although not good looking in the conventional Hollywood way, she is, in "Man With the Gun" an interesting personality. Whereas in "Female on the Beach", although allowed some glamorous clothes, she was merely second fiddle to Joan Crawford, in "Man with the Gun", dressed simply and with most unattractive make-up she almost steals the picture from the man himself—Robert Mitchum.

It's a better than average western and if, in addition, you like Robert Mitchum, it's one in which you won't be disappointed.

'Riot' Returns

After "Female on the Beach" the King's and Princess will be showing the happy British comedy "Raising a Riot". It's been here before, but if you missed it, it's well worth a visit. It shows Kenneth More as a float officer on leave copying with the domestic crisis that arises when his wife is called away, leaving him with the care of the young children. Ronald Squire helps in raising the laughs.

MAJESTIC

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

HILTON TO BUILD IN ROME?

He Runs Into Trouble
With Communists

MAYOR CHARGED
WITH BRIBERY

Rome.

Hotel magnate Conrad Hilton expressed cautious optimism recently that he would win his battle with local Communists to put up a 400-room luxury hotel near the Mussolini-built Olympic stadium.

Mr Hilton came here after representing President Eisenhower at the wedding of Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier of Monaco to check on the hotel project.

The outgoing city council broke up in an uproar last month after Communists charged Mayor Salvatore Rebecchini's administration with taking bribes from hotel interests.

The Communists have been trying to make the Hilton Hotel a major campaign issue in the May 27 national election, claiming that it is a grab for power by the city government.

A Fight

"As you know, there's been a big fight," Mr Hilton told reporters. "Now the City Council has set up an interim committee with power to act on the hotel, that is to give us what we need to build the hotel, which is a building permit."

"We understand that they are going to act favourably but we don't know."

Mr Hilton denied rumours that he might build a hotel in Monaco, declaring "there's nothing to that at all."

The Hilton Hotel International, Inc., of New York has been waiting the council to give it a green light for the last nine months.

A Problem

The proposed 400-room hotel would be a valuable addition to Rome which is already worrying about how it is going to handle the influx for the 1960 Olympics.

The Communists, with support from some other groups, have charged that the modern hotel would be an eye-sore in a city of ancient ruins. Hilton, Rebecchini and others have replied that the contract calls for creation of a new public park and new roads. It would provide work for Italians and an enormous benefit to Italy's tourist industry, seriously hampered by the lack of hotel beds. Rome today has only 23,000 beds and 5,000 baths. Paris alone has more hotel rooms than all of Italy, according to city planning head, Enzo Storoni.—United Press.

Sold The Boss's
Steamroller

Berlin.

Sleefried's idyl was in danger of disruption. He was getting behind with the I.R. payments on his furniture. So what did Sleefried Becker, 38-year-old father of five, do?

He sold his employer's steamroller—650 marks (about £54) and no questions asked.

Weeks later, it was said in court last week, he was found hiding in his employer's caravan on a disused tennis court. He went to jail for 14 months.

£518 FINDER Takes All

London.

Howard Thomas last week changed from a 2/6-a-week schoolboy with a second-hand bicycle to a capitalist with £518 8/0 in his bank book.

Howard, 13, struck it rich while following his hobby of archaeology.

In the ruins of a Norman castle at Farnham, two miles from home, in Surrey, he found two tin cans containing £518 8/0 in notes and silver.

That was three months ago.

Last week he called at Barry Dock Police Station. He was told by Superintendent Leonard Abraham: "It is all yours. And nobody can take it from you."

And with the same honesty that Howard had shown when he reported his find, the police handed him back the two tin cans as well as the money.

Said a detective: "I was undoubtedly the proceeds of a robbery."

FAMILY ALL MAs TOGETHER



Oxford. Dr. Dyke, mother son, and daughter—all took their M.A. degrees at Oxford University recently. On the left is father, Dr. Sidney Campbell Dyke, 69, pathologist and biologist, curator of the Histological Collection at Birmingham University.

Dr. Dyke, Mrs. Janet Mary Dyke, daughter Elizabeth, 34, who is also a doctor, and son Hugh, 29, travelled up to Oxford together. Dr. Dyke became B.A. and Bachelor of Medicine in 1918—though he held a Canadian degree before that—and a Doctor of Medicine in 1924. Mrs. Dyke took her B.A. in 1924. Daughter Elizabeth took her B.A. in 1944 and her Bachelor of Medicine in 1947. Son Hugh was the only one to start today's ceremony without a degree. He received B.A. and M.A. together.

MAN AGAINST ROBOT

And British Workers Are Becoming Frightened

Coventry.

The traditionally stolid British worker is becoming frightened.

Frightened at the spectre of automation—of armies of men displaced from their jobs by machines that NOT only shape raw materials into complicated, marketable articles, but also judge the quality of the finished product.

The clank of the robot is sounding in Coventry and beginning to reverberate through Britain.

Three thousand men out of a labour force of 11,000 at Standard Motor Company's car factory are scheduled to be replaced by robotlike machines.

THE DEBATE

The Company says it cannot find work for the 3,000. But the entire work force of 11,000 at Standard's walked out recently on a strike that has started a crucial men or machines debate throughout full employment Britain. (The strikers have since decided to return to work.)

The strike has roused the fear of automation. Automation is a new word, coined at the Ford Company's plants in America. Roughly, it means the equipping of factories with machines that do the work quicker and better than the most nimble pair—or scores of pairs—of human hands.

The factory workers put it this way: "The old machines had muscles but used human muscles too. The new ones have eyes and ears and hands. They even have electric brains." The new machines can stamp out bodies without human supervision. They can manufacture and polish gear wheels to microscopic exactness, and then assemble them into intricate gearboxes. They can count and weigh and supervise. They can do most things a man can do in the factory—faster and better.

THE ALARM

Since the war, automation has cut half the number of workers needed to produce each car in one British factory. But sales have risen and there have been no dismissals.

The reason that automation now raises such alarm among

car workers is that the Chartered Institute of the Machine Tool Manufacturers' measures to cut consumer spending have forced a revision in industrial production schedules. Industrial leaders can no longer bank on increasing consumer demand, and no longer plan a steady rise in production for the British market.

Even capital has misgivings about sweeping and sudden introduction of automation. The story is now circulating about American labour leader Walter Reuther's visit to a Ford plant in America that was virtually run by machines.

"How are you going to collect union dues from these guys," asked his guide. "How are you going to get them to buy (Ford) cars," countered Reuther.

LIMITED SCALE

Fear of reducing the number of consumers with purchasing power has not been a major obstacle to automation in Britain.

The major hindrances have been Britain's lack of capital to replace antiquated machinery, and traditional British conservatism. That is why Britain is far behind the United States in automation.

But interest is spreading among British manufacturers—and of course among British unions. Most British motor companies have introduced automation on a limited scale. British business firms have brought in electronic calculators, but again the automation is almost infantile as compared with American firms. British machine tool manufacturers have shied away from automation.

The British Labour Ministry is carrying out a study of the effects of automation. So is the British Institute of Production Engineers.

The urgency felt in Britain is indicated by the emergency creation last week of a Parliamentary sub-committee on automation.

The Production Department of the powerful Trades Union Congress—linked historically and financially with the Labour Party—has been deep in study

of automation for more than a year. The Communist-influenced Amalgamated Engineering Union declared its almost unqualified opposition to automation at its annual conference last week. This may indicate a crossing of wires in the Communist camp.

The Communist Daily Worker declared in a front page editorial:

"No serious body of workers is opposed to automation any more than they are opposed to electricity or to any development in the productive forces."

The editor of the Daily Worker, James Campbell, has written a 18-page pamphlet on automation. "A most incoherent document," is how Campbell privately describes it—"well to the right of Walter Reuther." Campbell's pamphlet accepts the principle of technological advance but demands that the unions "impose on firms engaging in automation, agreements to carry redundant workers until they can be absorbed elsewhere."

PLAN NEEDED

The problem of absorbing workers displaced by automation is at the root of the present alarm in Britain.

Most British working men feel that the general economy would benefit despite temporary displacement of workers. And they feel that these workers would eventually be absorbed in other industries, including the entertainment industry, which is bound to grow as automation gives workers more leisure time. But the prospect of men thrown out of work—however temporarily—is too close to the British workers' memories of the lean 1930's. They insist on planned replacement.—United Press.

Glass From
Outer
Space Found

Washington.

The earth is strewn with millions of glass fragments that may have formed the shell of a lost world blasted to pieces in a colossal collision with another planet.

This theory was advanced by Dr. Ralph S. Stone of the National Bureau of Standards in a report for the Smithsonian Institution. He said a glass-encrusted planet the size of earth probably at one time moved around the sun in the orbit between those of Mars and Jupiter. He said this "lost" planet was destroyed in a collision with another planet—perhaps its twin moving in the same area.

In the collision, some of these glass fragments were blown out of the planet's atmosphere, he believes. Others were scattered and others continue to bombard the earth, Dr. Stone said.—United Press.

SCIENTISTS
FERTILISE
A LAKE!

Hobart. Australian scientists recently rejuvenated a lake.

Lake Dobson lies with Lake Fenton in a National Park 50 miles from Hobart.

The lake is a beauty spot popular with Tasmanians and tourists. The Park authorities decided to make fishing an added attraction.

As there were few fish in the lake they released, in 1930, 70,000 brown trout fry into it.

These just disappeared.

Ten years later the Park authorities released 100,000 rainbow trout fry into Lake Dobson, a neighbouring lake.

Most of the fish apparently died young.

ENTER THE EXPERTS

The Park people then called in C.S.I.R.O. Fisheries Division specialists A. Weatherley and A. G. Nicholls.

Analysing the lake water, the scientists found it short of oxygen. Aquatic plant and animal life was scanty.

The mud on the lake floor contained little available phosphates or other essential growth factors.

Lake life is a cycle depending on aquatic plants. Tiny water creatures live on the plants, bigger creatures prey on these, small fish prey on these, bigger fish prey on small ones.

The two scientists decided to enrich the lake mud, so as to produce a flourishing cycle of life.

IT GOES OVERBOARD

They mixed up three-quarters of a ton of fertiliser (superphosphate, ammonium sulphate, potassium chloride, ground limestone), and placed it in paper bags which they dropped in the lake from a fast-moving boat.

Subsequent tests showed a remarkable response.

The lake's inhabitants began to flourish, beginning with aquatic plants and ending with fish.

The lake got another treatment two years later and now there's good fishing there.

The two scientists believe super was the main factor in this achievement.

In other words, like poor agricultural land, a "poor lake" can be fertilised to yield bumper fish crops.

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"RAYMOND MASSEY"

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At 12.30 p.m.
"PRIVATE LIFE OF ELIZABETH ESSEX"
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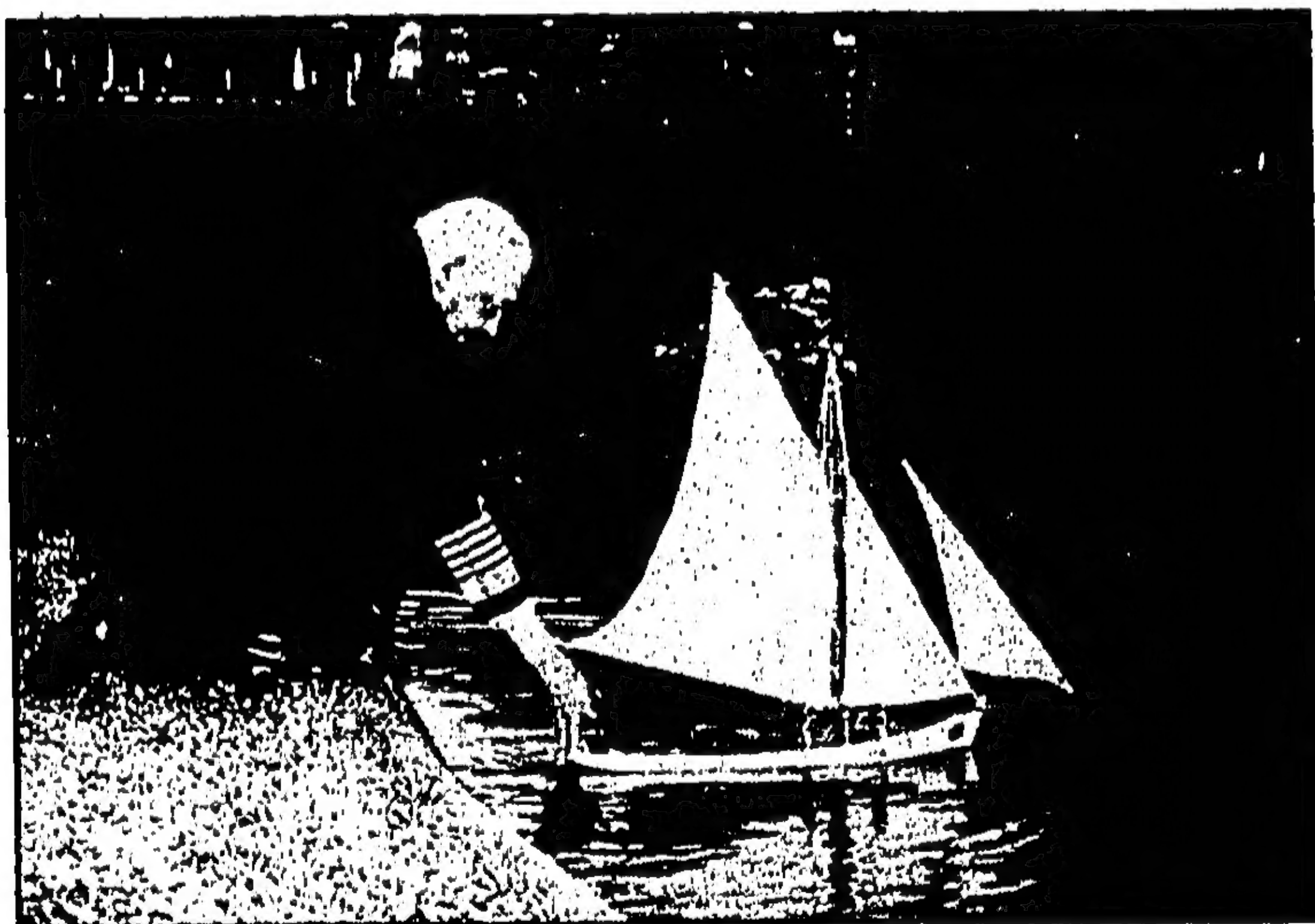
New Philip Morris... gentle for modern taste



SINGER Dorothy Dandridge ("Carmen Jones") travelled from her cabaret spot at London's Savoy Hotel to attend Oxford's traditional May Morning celebration. She sat in a punt at dawn to listen to singing from the top of Magdalen College tower, and then danced with the university's jazz club members. Dorothy here sings, with trumpet obligato. (Express)



THE world's best-looking ship's crew has just set sail from England for Australia in the ketch Quest III. The four girls are Beany Thompson, Pat Grieve, Leonie Cockland and Sally Kerr-Field. And the skipper is a mere male—28-year-old New Zealander Martin Brent. That's him hoisting the rum barrel. (Express)



ADMIRAL of the Fleet Sir George Creasy has a new command. He enjoyed sailing his model yacht in the pond during a garden party given by General Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, at his residence at Marnes-la-Coquette, near Paris.



AFTER the presentation of the Freedom of the City of Wells, Somerset, to the Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's). The Mayor, Mrs. F. McKee, inspecting the parade after the General Salute in the Market Place. (Army News)



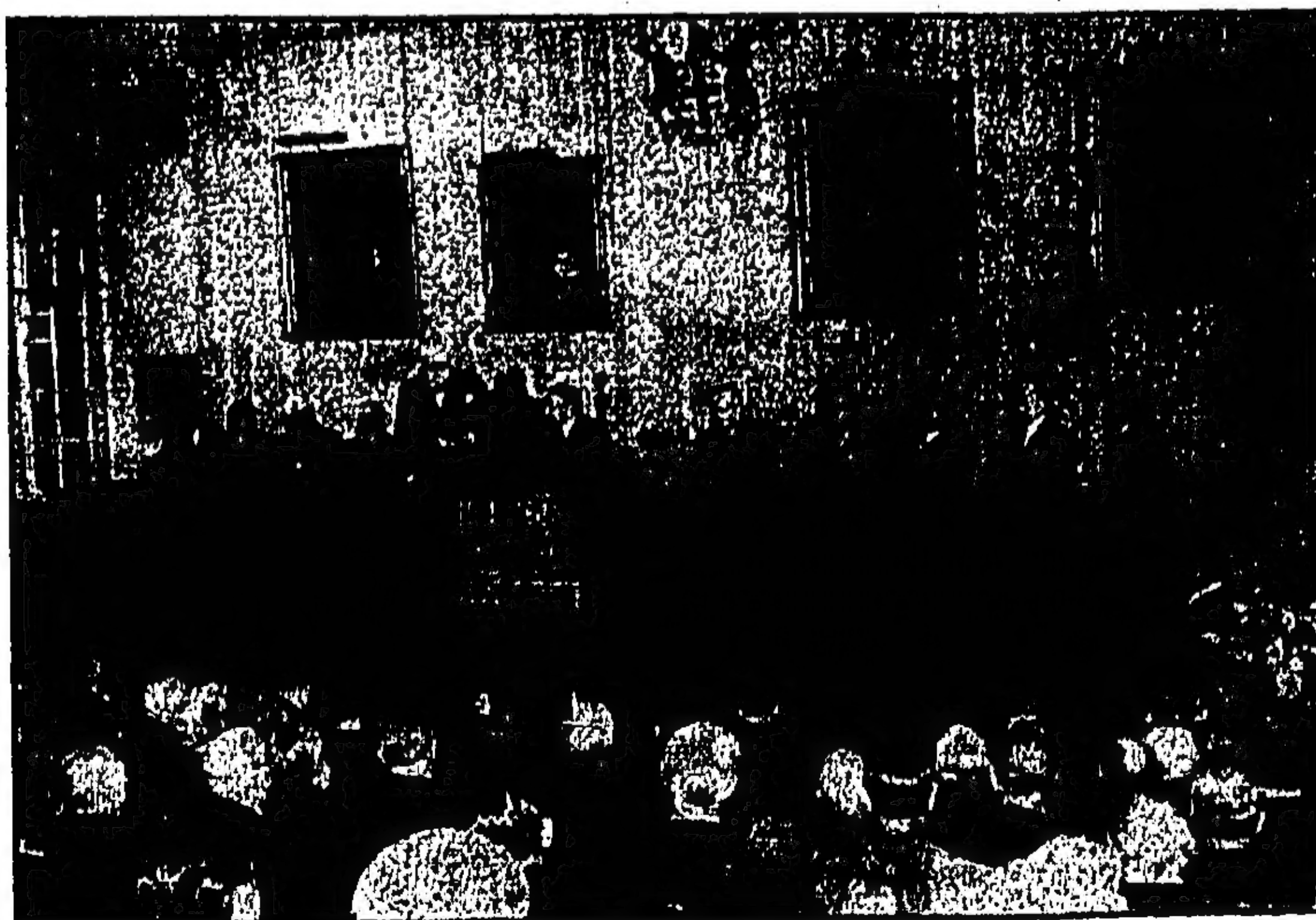
PIETRO ANNIGONI, 45-year-old Italian artist from Florence, snapped on his arrival in London for the current Royal Academy show. Last year he created a sensation with his portrait of the Queen. This year he has on view a fine portrait of Dame Margot Fonteyn. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



LEFT: Ronald Lewis, a little-known actor from Glamorgan, Wales, has jumped to fame sharing the lead with Vivien Leigh in a new Noel Coward comedy, "South Sea Bubble," in London. He is 27, and critics predict a future for him. (Express)

BELOW: Sir Winston Churchill delivering his speech of thanks after being installed as Grand Seigneur of the Company of Adventurers of England Trading Into Hudson's Bay. His ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough, was Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company from 1685 to 1691. (Express)



FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Anthony Kemp, a schoolboy at Harrow, rode at Birmingham with some of the best amateur jockeys of England in the Rugby Amateur Riders' Plate over 1 1/4 miles. Harrow masters said it was the first time any boy from the school has wanted to become a jockey. (Express)

ONE of the funniest events at the Woolwich Horse Show — the donkey race for the Woolwich Cup. Picture shows the confusion at the first fence, which the donkeys refused to jump until after much persuasion by their young jockeys. (Army News)



NANCY



ROWNTREES



By Ernie Bushmiller

COUPLE FAINTED AT THE ALTAR

By Raymond Brown

"I CAN'T do it," a young American told his bride-to-be as she entered the church just before their wedding. After this dramatic announcement the distraught bridegroom ran from the church. He just could not face up to the strain of a marriage service.

His experience is not unique. Clergymen have witnessed many strange happenings at the altar when the bride or bridegroom has failed. At a wedding in Stord, Norway, the bridegroom fainted before the altar. He was revived with water, but no sooner had he recovered than the bride swooned. She was also revived and the ceremony went on.

Ran From Church

When attractive Olwen Rowley was asked, "Will you take this man?" she screamed "I will not," and ran from the church. Equally sensational was the reply of a bridegroom to the question, "Will you have this woman?" "No," he shouted. With that he returned home and locked himself in a cupboard.

What must be the fear and dread of every woman happened to a young South American bride. During the marriage service the skirt of her two-piece costume, which she had forgotten to secure, slipped to the floor. The embarrassing situation caused the bridegroom to faint. The minister hurriedly looked elsewhere, and in the confusion only the best man had the presence of mind to remove his coat and drape it round the blushing bride's parties.

At a Manchester wedding, a beautiful young bride was left waiting at the altar when the bridegroom disappeared. He returned two days later. Just before the ceremony he had mounted his bicycle and gone in search of a suitable flower for his buttonhole. Then, it seems, the strain of getting married had its effect. For two days he cycled round the countryside in a mental blackout.

Astonishing Sequel

Probably the most astonishing sequel to a wedding was that at the marriage of an Italian, 14-year-old Guglielmo Fendini, to pretty Laura Tappola, 21 years his junior. Everything was ready for the marriage when Guglielmo discovered that his father-in-law was his child-hood sweetheart, now widowed. He immediately cancelled the wedding and married his bride's mother.

At a Tennessee wedding the bride arrived at church to find the best man standing in the place of the bridegroom. At the last moment the bridegroom's nerve had failed. "I can't go through with this—you stand in for me," he whispered to the best man before changing places.



"You might like to know that while you've been up at Claridges keeping an eye on Bulgarian someone nipped in here and pinched your bike."

London Express Service

One Of The World's Strangest Stories—It stands as one of the grimmest documents ever penned by a woman—the confession of the

PERSISTENT POISONER

By ELIZABETH MacEWAN

URGENTLY but thoroughly the hand of some young man in the long black robes of an abbe searched through the piles of female clothing in the little convent room. Desprez, France's top detective, seized a small, locked casket and forced it open. Inside he found a sheet of paper.

He glanced at the closely written words on it; he knew his search was complete.

Stark Sentences

It was the confession of Madame de Brinvilliers, written in her own firm muscular handwriting. It stands as one of the grimmest documents ever written by a woman.

Here are a few of the stark sentences read by the disguised

police officer in the Liege convent cell in March, 1676.

"I accuse myself of having ruined myself with a man already married and having given him much money."

"I accuse myself that this man whom my father imprisoned, was the father of two of my children."

"I accuse myself that I have poisoned my father."

"I had my two brothers poisoned."

"I wanted to poison my sister who was angry with me for the horrible manner of my life."

"I accuse myself of having given poison five or six times to my husband. Then I regretted it and treated him until he was cured."

"I accuse myself of having taken poison, and also of giving some to one of my children...."

Four months later the woman who wrote this document had been tried, convicted, tortured and beheaded. After poisoning some 30 people during a period of ten years, Marie Marguerite,

Marquise de Brinvilliers, the most beautiful and most light-hearted poisoner in French history, died at the age of 40.

Marie Marguerite started life with a golden spoon in her mouth. She was the daughter of Dreux d'Aubray, the rich, influential Civil Lieutenant of Paris.

When she married the wealthy Marquis de Brinvilliers at the age of 17 she was known as one of the loveliest, most amusing members of the "smart set," for whom all doors were open.

In Love

SHORTLY after this marriage of convenience her husband, Antoine, introduced her to his friend, Gaudin de Saint-Croix, a handsome young officer from Gascony. He expected them to fall in love; indeed, he hoped they would, since it would leave him free to pursue his own amours.

His strategy was successful. The Marquise never troubled to conceal her intrigue with Saint-Croix.

Immediately her father, Dreux d'Aubray, stepped in. The situation had gone too far. He begged Marie Marguerite to give up her lover for the sake of the honour of her family. She snapped her fingers in his face.

But not even daughters can snap their fingers at Civil Lieutenants. D'Aubray had Saint-Croix flogged into the Bastille. He was released within three months, but the Marquise swore she would be revenged.

In the Bastille Saint-Croix made the acquaintance of Europe's most proficient professional poisoner, Exill, who taught Saint-Croix how to make his most effective poison. His recipe was as follows: a load of infected with arsenic, is left for a few days after death; it is then rendered down and crushed into a powder.

Before tackling her more important prospective victims, the Marquise decided she had better have a little practice in poisoning.

She became a frequent visitor at the Hotel Diez, Paris's largest public hospital. Like a ministering angel she glided down the rows of patients, tenderly, holding sweets, wine and biscuits to their grateful mouths.

Some died within the hour, others took weeks and months. But since the sick in the seventeenth century stood little chance of recovery their deaths—caused by the poison—aroused no suspicions.

Short Of Money

HER own maid never recovered after eating a gooseberry handed to her by her mistress on the point of a knife. In a few months the Marquise was able to estimate and regulate the strength and action of the poison.

Three years after Saint-Croix had been released from the Bastille, one of his most trusted servants, La Chaussee, became Dreux d'Aubray's valet. At Whitehall, 1666, the Marquise visited her father on the family business in England. By September he was dead—"natural causes," said the physicians.

After this Madame de Marquise spent more money than ever. When Saint-Croix became too engrossed in selling poisons to desperate men and aristocratic courtiers, she alternately ragged at him and used her powers of fascination on other men.

In 1670, when desperately short of money, Marie Marguerite remembered she had never liked her two brothers, who had inherited the major share of her father's fortune.

La Chaussee therefore joined the household of the elder Antoine d'Aubray, and in June, 1670, he died. "A malignant humour," said the doctors.

In September the younger brother died. "Disorder of the internal organs," said the surgeons.

By this time a surprising number of people knew the Marquise's secret. Apart from Saint-Croix and La Chaussee, she entrusted her secret to her children's tutor, her maid and two servants. Her husband knew enough to drink pinks of milk all day just in case she might grow impatient with him, too. This undoubtedly saved his life. Yet no one told the police.

Glass Mask

TWO years passed by, and the Marquise began to toy with the idea of getting rid of her one surviving sister, a nun.

Then the glass mask which Saint-Croix wore as he prepared yet another poisonous brew broke. He inhaled the fumes and died instantly.

Saint-Croix's room was found to be full of poisons. A casket of poisons contained a letter saying it belonged to the Marquise de Brinvilliers. Presently, the Marquise left for England. La Chaussee confessed, but would not incriminate the Marquise and was broken on the wheel. He was executed in 1673, a year after his master's death.

For three years the Marquise lived in exile, supplied with money by the sister she had thought to poison. Then, in 1676, the Marquise took refuge in a convent at Liege.

The power of the Church prevented her being arrested while in the convent. It was then that Desprez, the detective, disguised himself as an abbe. By making love to her he lured her out of the convent for a walk by the river.

Police officers concealed behind some trees immediately arrested her.

Last Ride

DREAGERLY all Paris and most of Europe followed her trial. When she was condemned she confessed but refused to incriminate anyone.

On the evening of Friday, July 17, 1676, dressed in the white robe of the penitent, the Marquise was assisted into a tumbrel by her confessor and executioner.



The Marquise de Brinvilliers at the time of her execution.

THE TEDDY BOYS OF HONGKONG

NOT ALL OUR FEI TSAI ARE HARMLESS...

By ALBERT STEWART

ENGLAND has her Teddy Boys, America its razor gangs, Holland its C.C. Fiends and Exhaust Pigeons. Hongkong has its "Fei Tsai".

Fei Tsai, a Cantonese term meaning "smart boys," (not to be confused with the term for "fat boy") are local teenagers trying to copy the ways of their counterparts in Europe and the U.S.

Here in Hongkong, the Fei Tsai ranks are composed of different types, each as different from one another as night and day.

There is the Teddy Boy type. Their speech, dress and manner are exactly those of British Teddy Boys. Long, thick wavy hair adorns their heads, with prominent locks jutting over foreheads and sideburns stretching down the cheeks. The clothing is too hot for the characteristic Edwardian jackets with velvet lapels. But black drain-pipe trousers are particularly worn with brightly coloured or black shirts and black string ties. Suede shoes with white soles complete the attire.

The typical Hongkong Fei Tsai is a young man, about 16 to 18 years old, with a good physique, a good physique, a good physique.

and they are not all teenagers, the majority being in their twenties. Their meeting places are mostly bars and dance halls. Harmless by themselves, they can be menacing in groups and under the influence of alcohol. They are boastful and bawdy, always fun-seeking.

The typical Hongkong Fei Tsai are very similar to the teenagers depicted in Hollywood films such as "The Blackboard Jungle," "Rebel Without A Cause."

WAVY HAIR

The majority of this type are teenage schoolboys aping the dress and speech of teenagers in America just to be up-to-date and smart. Hairstyles of these Fei Tsai range from U.S. Marine crew cuts to long, wavy hair, swept from the sides to the back of the head. Crow cuts, looking like Glenn Ford's as he appeared in "The Blackboard Jungle" and "Rebel Without A Cause" are also popular. Wavy locks find expression on the heads of the local Chinese teenagers wanting to look like film stars Tony Curtis.

Western style blue jeans and 1000-fitting Hawaiian shirts are also worn by the Fei Tsai.

the favourite wear. In winter, leather jackets are inevitable.

The latest dress craze, however, is the one-colour shirt—usually pink, bright red, yellow or chocolate. The rounded collars are buttoned on to the shirt for smartness. Tight fitting trousers are either charcoal grey or fawn, held up by the latest and narrowest leather belts. Ties are narrow and match the shades of shirt and trousers. Cuff-links and tie pins are worn for added adornment.

Favourite rendezvous of these Fei Tsai are billiards saloons, where they are fond of the pin-ball machines. Apart from playing snooker, billiards or going to the cinema, they arrange their own dancing parties.

Muscle at such parties usually comprises the latest number one jazz of the "Shogun Boogie" and "Rock Around the Clock" brand.

"Man, dig that crazy music," a teenager told me. We were listening to "Rock Around the Clock," and he proceeded to "wave the latest live" for "my friend." If you cannot live or do the number at such parties, you are a "square" or a "country bumpkin."

Friends of Holland. These youths all possess their own motorcycles. On weekends they gather together very much like Marion Brand's troop in "The Wild One," and speed out to the New Territories for some fun. The fun in summer—either swimming or long joy-rides. In winter it is hunting in the pre-dawn twilight of the Territories.

BOY VICTIMS

A further type comprises young unemployed men well on their way to becoming criminals. They are the leaders and organizers of illegal societies. Many are locally enlisted soldiers discharged for misdemeanour. They prey on innocent schoolboys, forcing them to join their societies (for a fee) to gain protection.

Meaningless rituals are thought up to intrigue the schoolboys who are to be initiated into the society. Those refusing to join are lured up to quiet roof-tops or dark stairways and robbed of wrist watches, fountain pens and pocket money.

When a member has been in a fight, the society turns out in full force to bully the other party. If the offender is not a member of another society, he has no protection. To be saved from a merciless beating he is required to take the members to the usually a costly affair.

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From A Modest Letter To A National Cult

By YORKE HENDERSON

UNTIL recently "U" was just a modest, rather pleasant looking letter near the end of the alphabet. Then author Nancy Mitford ("Love in a Cold Climate," "The Pursuit of Love") got to work on it. Now it is the most used, abused, talked-about, laughed-over letter in Britain.

In Miss Mitford's vocabulary "U" means upper-class. And speech, manner and behaviour are classed by her as "U" or "Non-U." Now, the signs are that Miss Mitford's dissertations on what is "U" and what is not are very much tongue-in-cheek.

In any country other than England it's doubtful even that the U-cult would have attracted any notice, far less made an impression. But in England it has caught on alarmingly. Cartoonsists have lampooned it, columnists have attacked it, comedians have found it a fruitful source of jokes, and a large slice of the general public is becoming U-conscious.

The significant fact, however, is that the U-cult is becoming something more than a joke. It has struck a sympathetic chord deep down inside the English soul. For despite increasing inroads on their traditional insularity, the English are still at heart socialists.

Possibly the most severe stricture an Englishman can pass on anything is that it is "not good form." Not that it is essentially good or bad. Simply that it is bad "form." Or it is "just not done."

And to discover what is "form" and what is "done" the Englishman looks to the social class immediately ahead of his own. Since the U-cult purports to tell him what U-people regard as "form," you can appreciate the social impact of this now rather wearisome joke.

AND what has Mr. Average Englishman learned from the high priests of "U"? Primarily that almost everything he does and says is "Non-U." When he talks of his serviette or his home, his cycle or his money or says "pleased to meet you" to a stranger, he is being very "Non-U." (U-terms are napkin, house, bike, never any mention of money, and "how do you do?"—the last requiring no answer).

"Non-U" people pour milk into a cup before they pour the tea, and they take sugar in their coffee.

All excessively trivial and doubtless a satire by Miss Mitford on the social birthmarks of the upper-class from which she

herself comes. But the cult grows, Miss Mitford writes a book about it and I can only agree with cartoonist Osbert Lancaster who summed up the reaction of all stubborn "Non-U's" in his cartoon on this page.

AFTER the foregoing, what follows may be difficult to credit. But did you know that the British are the world's most intelligent people? The opinion is that of the Chinese Nationalist students of the National Cheng Chi University of Formosa. They were of the people they share the world with by a certain Dr. Carlton Culmes, of Utah State College.

They rather took the shine off the compliment, however, by rating the British as the world's most conceited people as well.

POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Oh, to hell with Nancy Mitford! What I always say is—if it's ME it's U!"

As a long-term resident of these northern isles, I feel that the Formosan students might have been nearer the mark had they described the British as the most reasonable people.

As to whether or not they are conceited, well, as Robert Burns said: "Would some power no! the to see ourselves us!"

CHANCE: Significant of changing social values in Britain was a full page advertisement which appeared in a well-known British motoring magazine.

In it the world-famous engineering firm, Rolls-Royce, asked for applications for apprenticeships and they stipulated that the boys they sought should come from public schools or grammar schools.

Now, in the past the public schools—which are anything but what their name suggests—turned out almost exclusively recruits for (forgive the expression) the U-professions, i.e., the Army, Navy, Foreign Service, Church (of England, of course), and the Bar.

The grammar schools, slightly lower on the social scale, turned out white collar workers and civil servants.

Apprentices were the product of local council schools, humble homes and the "working class."

Socially acceptable white-collar jobs were taken by the public and grammar school boys often at a financial sacrifice.

Toil-stained hands would have marked them as social pariahs. But as Britain awakens to the vital need for more and more technologists, the recruits to such jobs are being accorded a completely new, and higher, social status.

Sic transit...

Another 'inside' story from DEADLINE & DATELINE by RENE MacCOLL

CHAPTER TWO



THE DICTATOR WHO CLAWED HIS WAY TO THE TOP, BUT KEPT HIS DIGNITY... THAT'S TITO

Roaming Reporter RENE MacCOLL (left) interviews TITO... Forceful and fascinating

THE COOLEST OPERATOR I KNOW...

"THEY" often ask me whom I consider to be the most impressive man or woman that I have ever interviewed.

I have interviewed hundreds of people in many parts of the world, from Marilyn Monroe to Mrs. Pandit; Menzies of Australia to Zsa Zsa Gabor; Anthony Eden to sculpting Epstein; Adlai Stevenson to the wife of the King of Albania; the late Amy Johnson to Stanley Laurel; the late Al Capone to evangelist Sister MacPherson; Sam Goldwyn to P. G. Wodehouse...

Surveying the struggling field, I shall reply that among the six most impressive persons that I have ever interviewed, professionally is Tito of Yugoslavia.

A N immense force of character is radiated by Tito. He has natural dignity, but can unbend in a fashion on occasion. He has come a long way from his rough, tough nation of 17 millions. In 1953 he visited Britain; he was received as an honoured guest by the Queen, and the Lord Mayor of London.

He was then the respected head of a friendly State comprising himself with dignity and charm, but just 14 years before, in 1939 when the Queen's father, George VI, and mother, Elizabeth the Queen Mother, had paid a state visit to Paris, things had been quite different.

The pre-royal visit check by the French in 1939 was drastic in its thoroughness. Blue-climbed "fics" went prowling the streets and by-ways and blocks of flats in Paris on the lookout for undesirables. Joseph Broz then a young revolutionary on the run, was unquestionably undesirable. He heard about the activities of the police, and decided to get out while the going was good, false passports and all.

Fourteen years later—and he was bowed into Buckingham Palace. Tito fought hard and doggedly through the harsh winters of 1941 and 1942, and parachute drop, among the great mountains of Yugoslavia in the last war.

He embraced Communism, went to Moscow, knew Stalin. He broke with Moscow, defied Stalin, was called a "traitor" and much else by Radio Moscow for his pains. Britain and America noting the break with Moscow started to smile approvingly. Tito playing his cards admirably, began to pick up a little loose change in the shape of economic and military aid, from the West.

JUST when it seemed that Tito, although Communist, was a "different" Communist, the scene changed completely. It all started if I knew it, while I was sitting talking to him in his modest home in Dedinje, a Belgrade suburb in March 1953. In Moscow, Stalin lay dying of a stroke although the event was not announced until some time later. Stalin's death started the train of events leading to the great Russian about-face of the spring of May 1955, when Bulganin and Krushchev went to Belgrade to greet on the first of their world but effective foreign good-will tours.

Since then Tito has been playing both ends against the middle with a vengeance. Nobody is quite sure how far he has swayed back into the Russian camp; what his future intentions are towards Moscow.

On the eve of my return visit to Yugoslavia to cover the Krushchev circus I wrote in the Daily Express, "Tito is the Communist head of a Communist State. He is primarily interested in furthering the interests of the Communist State. Whatever results are achieved in Belgrade will reflect just that."

TITO is a cold operator. You notice the high cheek-bones and the light-coloured eyes. He always seems to be richly tanned, winter and summer. He carries a gun in a shoulder holster. He has an odd knack of hooding his eyes so that he may appear to be asleep, when in point of fact he is very much awake. I particularly noticed this while Krushchev was making his first crawling apology for past insults, out at the Belgrade airport a few minutes after the Russians had come shambling out of their planes.

Tito stood there, a cigarette in a long holder in his hand, his head slightly on one side, listening with a rather impatiently to Krushchev's "it was all a mistake-let's-be-friends" plea. As I wrote at the time, Krushchev did everything except try to kiss Tito. Tito stayed poker-faced. Impossible to tell what he was thinking. The hoods were drawn over his eyes. The eyes could tell you nothing.

As you visit him at his commonplace villa he listens closely, impassively to your questions. He has a goodish working knowledge of English but he follows the time-honoured resort of having it translated to him so that he can have a little more time to ponder his answer without perceptibly holding things up.

I found him fascinating, this man who has clawed his way to the top of the pile.

Compared to the Soviet leaders—the clowning, tipsy Krushchev, the beaming-uncle figure of Bulganin; the American carpet-salesman aspect of Anastas Mikoyan, and the rest of them—Tito during the May visit, was a figure of tremendous authority and cold, faultless dignity.

He may have come from nothing—but he looks and behaves like Somebody these days.

THE final scenes at the farewell party which host Tito gave for his guests cannot often have been recalled in the annals of diplomatic politeness. As all the world now knows, Krushchev got well and truly plastered. His capacity for vodka has never been in question but that evening he had been busy knocking back vodka—with slivovitz chasers. The result was sensational and the wonder was that the little man was still on his feet.

He stood away at the top of the stairs, reluctant, as are many drunks, to end the beautiful party and go home. Mikoyan and Bulganin kept plucking at his sleeve and begging him to come quietly. Tito stood watching all this with a gloriously sardonic expression.

Finally, two vast M.V.D. goons were summoned, lifted Krushchev under the elbows, and carried him bodily down the stairs. His short legs just clear of the ground.

Tito, over the perfect host, bowed a courtly farewell as they all disappeared into the night.

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Watch out for more MacColl memories next Saturday

BIG GAME

—By—

GERALD ALLEN

LUCAS and I had just missed a train and were whiling away half-an-hour in the buffet, when Gunter came in. The great bore of the River Severn is just a small brother of Gunter's, and we tried hard to look like two other chaps. But he spotted us and we knew we were for it.

"Hullo, you blokes," he cried. "Just heard a deuced funny story. You know an elephant is supposed never to forget? Well, a big game hunter had caught an elephant in a trap."

"What sort of a trap?" asked Lucas. "An elephant trap, I suppose. It wouldn't be much good using anything smaller."

"They dig a big pit and cover it over with branches," I began.

"And then tether an elephant of the opposite sex—" cut in Lucas. "Sex again," I murmured regretfully.

"Anyway this chap caught an elephant, quite a young one," Gunter continued doggedly.

"African or Indian?" asked Lucas. "I don't really see it makes any difference."

"An old one of one breed might quite easily be mistaken for a young one of the other, and then the whole story falls to the ground."

"Look," said Gunter, with surprising patience, "this chap caught a young elephant. Is that clear?"

We nodded gravely, and the story-teller proceeded, his paunch already quivering at the thought of the shockingly funny ending to his tale.

"It was such a jolly little thing that he let it go again." "Most unwise of him," I said sharply. "An uncle of mine once threw back a ladpole, and he now has reason to believe it's grown into the Loch Ness monster. At any rate, each year he receives a mysterious postcard on his birthday. The card smells strongly of fish, is post-marked Inverness, and is addressed in phosphorescent ink."

"Why?" asked Gunter cautiously. "To help the postal sorters—the card just catches the night mail."

"I believe you're pulling my leg," commented Gunter in a puzzled way. "Well, years later, this hunter chap was a bit down on his luck, and happened to notice that there was a circus performance in the town in which he happened to be at the time."

"What town was that?" "It's nothing to do with the story what town it was, but if you insist, let's say it was Saffron Walden."

"What an amazing coincidence!" said Lucas. "The finest circus I ever saw was at Saffron Walden. There were tigers on tightropes, and monkeys on bicycles shot from guns, and performing dogs riding side-saddle on ponies. Would it be the same show, d'you think?"

"This chap took a ticket—just a cheap one, because he was hard up."

"He wasn't in a position to throw money away like that, however cheap the seat," I said severely.

"He was fond of circuses," went on Gunter, speaking very carefully and quietly. "I think he was fighting for self-control."

"He was well at the back, but enjoying the show when, all of a sudden, he noticed a huge performing elephant watching him with great interest," continued Gunter.

"Here it comes," whispered Lucas. "Tell out of my cradle laughing at this one."

"What's that?" barked Gunter suspiciously.

"Said I can't wait to hear the end of this one," answered my friend blandly.

"He recognised the animal as the one he'd released all those years ago—knew it because it had badly scratched ears," I asked. "Did I ever tell you?" I asked. "That I was once engaged to a girl with notched ears? Great hockey international. Her great, great-grandfather had been killed at Bannockburn, and every time she scored a goal against Scotland she cut another notch in her ears. Unfortunately, one evening when we were exchanging artless little confidences, as lovers will, I let out the fact that I'd a childhood sweetheart called Melisande MacTavish. That terminated the engagement. I was struck down by a hockey stick and left for dead. You can still see the mark on my forehead."

"Hair's beginning to recede a bit, old man, but you've got more on the top than I have. Know a good hair restorer? Well, go on with the story, Gunter, we're keenly interested."

"This is the tricky bit," chuckled the old idiot. "The elephant recognised the man at the same time and picked him up in its trunk and put him down in the front row."

"Didn't the management object?" I asked.

"Don't you see the point?" cried Gunter, going a bit purple. "Rather. Very good story, said Lucas. 'I can vouch for the truth of it, too. It happened the very day I was at the circus myself. Saw it happen. I'd clean forgotten it, till now, because there were so many other wonderful things going on that one hardly noticed the normal little incidents. Now, there was a weightlifting hedgehog that I shall never forget—"

THESE PROPHETS CRY DOOM

By STANFORD TATE

SCARCELY a year passes without some "Doomsday S prophet" announces an impending calamity for our earth. A recent prediction is that the world will come to an end in June this year, when a planet—at present heading this way—crashes into it.

One might think that in this age of science, predictions of imminent catastrophe would not be taken so seriously, yet with each "prophesy" a new crop of disciples prepares for the worst.

It is only a few years ago that the 20,000 inhabitants of Dinkelsbühl, Germany, suddenly began praying in the streets. The rumour had spread that the planet Saturn had broken out of its orbit and was plunging towards the earth. According to some reports it was heading straight for Dinkelsbühl.

It was not only before the story spread through Germany, and hundreds of thousands of people became panic-stricken. It took the best efforts of the authorities to calm the people and restore order.

FRIGHTENED PEOPLE

In Pasadena, California, groups of frightened people sold their possessions, paid their debts, and generally made peace with their neighbours, and generally made peace with their neighbours, and generally made peace with their neighbours.

During the last few days before the appointed hour of doom, the panic spread farther afield and thousands of people all over the United States began making final preparations. Weather stations, planetariums and leading scientific institutions were swamped with inquiries asking when the end was coming.

Perhaps the most colourful "Doomsday prophet" of recent times was the Dane, John Milkelson. In 1943 he appeared in the streets of Copenhagen dressed in a long tunic, wearing a great beard and a very fierce expression, and announced that he was the reincarnation of the prophet Daniel.

He prophesied that the world was shortly due to perish by a great flood, far greater than the Biblical deluge, and that only he and his followers would survive. After making this fearful announcement he and his disciples started to build arks.

There are many in Europe who still have vivid memories of Padre Encaslo, a Spanish monk, who, in 1893, plunged half the Continent into panic when he announced that the world would come to an end on September 25 that year. The confusion was so great that scores of newspapers published appeals to the public to keep calm.

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By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



TALK ABOUT MAGIC! Have you seen Admiral AIR CONDITIONERS AND REFRIGERATORS

CARD KING SPILLS THE BEANS

HOW TO CHEAT —AND HOW NOT TO BE CHEATED

By ANTHONY HERN

LOOK at the picture on the right. Now look again. And next time you are invited by a so-friendly stranger to join a card game, remember what the picture shows. For it is the clearest indication you could have that there is a cardsharp in the house.

It is just possible, about as possible as finding five aces in one pack of playing cards, that an innocent play might hold the card, that way as he deals. But John Scarne in a book* says it takes a great deal of practice. And John Scarne KNOWS.

The most remarkable card manipulator in America tell just how the card cheat works and how you can out-thrust him.

And Scarne should know. He was so good as a youngster that one of New York's top gangsters hired him for 200 dollars an hour to show the boys what he could do.

For hour after hour, night after night, they watched him cut the cards; and every time Scarne's card was an ace. And still they had no clue as to how it was done.

The riddle

ANSWER: Scarne has trained himself to read the numbers (the numerals or signs at the corners of cards) as he "ruffles" the pack at lightning speed.

When he spots an ace, his hand automatically counts the number of cards that follow on top of it. When he

cuts, he counts that number of cards and "break" the pack there.

Scarne knows all the crooked tricks. Like the one in the picture at the top of

this page. By holding the cards that way the dealer is able to slip himself either the second card in the pack or the bottom card.

Now for "the pick-up":

"You're playing poker. The next deal is yours.

"At the end of the game just concluded five hands were exposed. You have seen that in each of those hands is one card you'd like in the next deal.

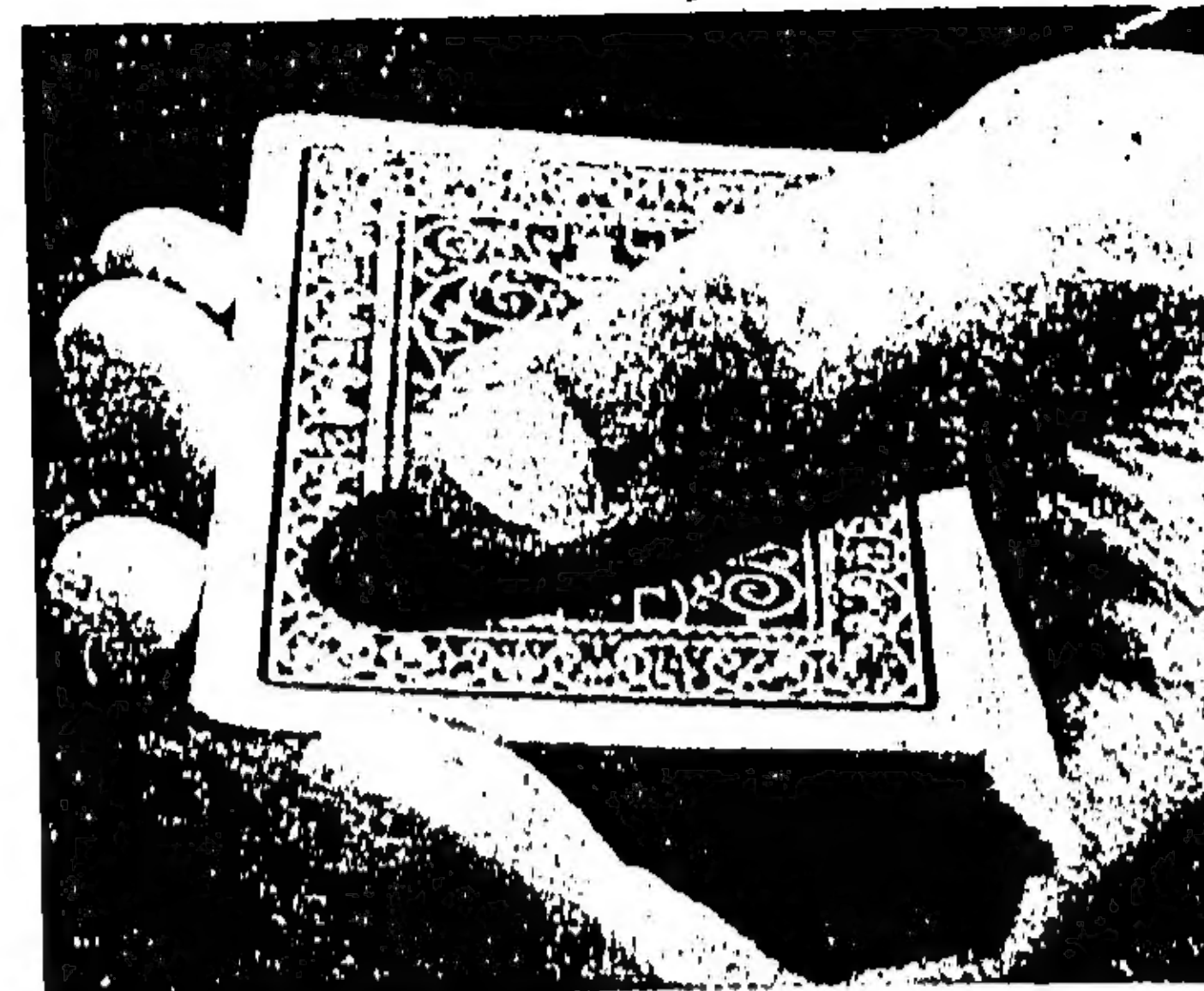
"So you stack the deck in such a way that you'll

now deal those five cards to yourself.

"You pick them up a hand at a time, and put the card you want at the bottom of each group of five.

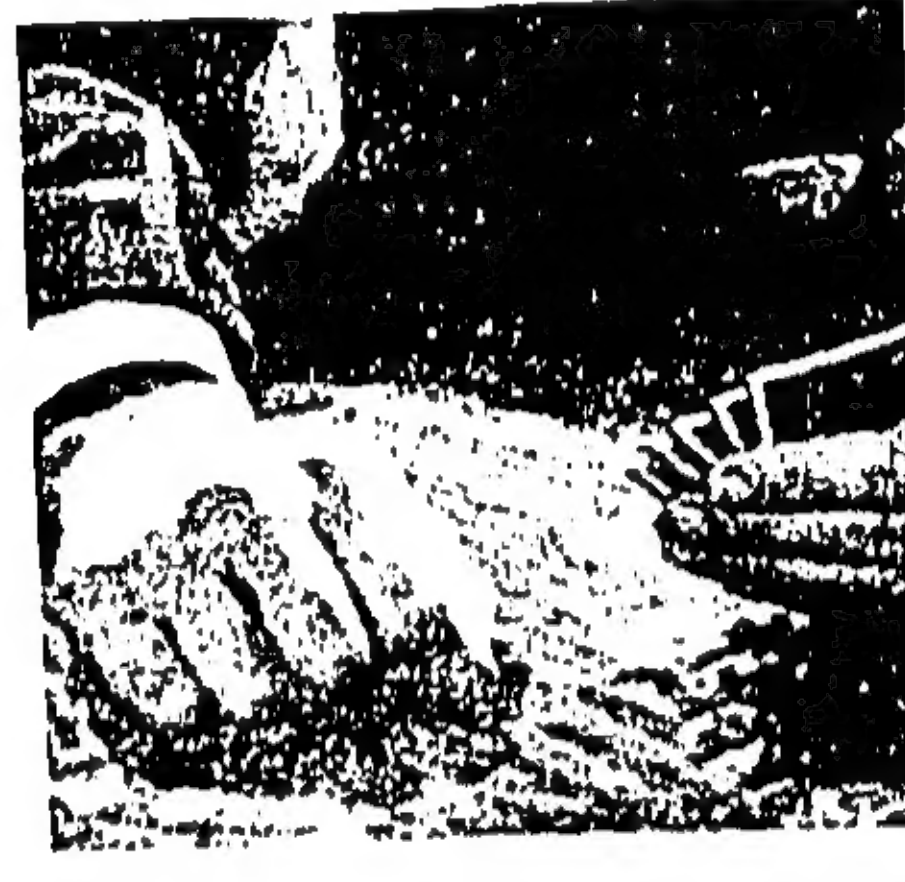
"Then you put all five hands together at the top of the deck and, after some flummery about shuffling and cutting which you take good care to keep from disturbing the position of the top 25 cards, you deal.

"Naturally, you get cards Nos. 5, 10, 15, 20, and 25, the ones you want."



MECHANIC'S GRIP. INDEX AND THIRD FINGERS CURLED. ROUND NARROW PORTION OF PACK.

THE SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE SHARPER



L TO R: THE FLAT HAND THAT MEANS "I'M A SHARPER, WANT TO TEAM UP!" THE CLASPED HAND THAT ANSWERS "I WORK ALONE" THE CARD BENT FOR "CRIMPING"

JOHN MARSHALL, continuing his story of the most artistic character of our time, tells how, into the life of Dylan Thomas, came

The Threat Of The Clutched Tankard...

... And Romance With
'The Only Girl For Me'

THE fateful words pronounced by a senior reporter to Freddie Farr to junior reporter Dylan Thomas, which led to, oh, so many nights in pubs, were: "Six o'clock in the Lamps, back bar."

Thus Dylan significantly described his last sin to beer: "I leant against the bar, between an adderman and a solicitor, drinking bitter, wishing my father could see me now, and glad at the same time, that he was visiting Uncle A at Aberavon. He could not fail to see that I was a boy no longer, nor fail to be angry at the angle of my fag, and my hat, and the threat of the clutched tankard. I liked the taste of beer."

A formidable binge

IT was a formidable first binge. "The revolving hill to my father's house reached to sky. Nobody was up. I crept to a wild bed and the wallpaper lakes converged and sucked me down."

There were many more visits to the Three Lumps, which disappeared under Hitler's bombs with a lot more of Swansea, and to other pubs. Dylan supplemented his modest salary selling review copies to "Ralph the books," who became, like Dan Gones the composer, a life-long friend.

The job, inevitably, folded up. Dylan wrote years later: "Young Mr Thomas was at the moment without employment, but it was understood that he would soon be leaving for London to make a career in Chelsea as a free-lance journalist, he was penniless, and hoped in a vague way to live on women."

Appealing mixture

IT was a piece of backward-glancing whimsy, but ex-reporter Thomas had already found that, with his "lovely gift of the gab," he could make friends easily and, with his remarkable looks, the appealing

mixture of cherub and wicked spite, he attracted people to him, especially women. There is little doubt that a good many, at various times, were in love with him, and tenuous affairs there, may have been. But there is absolutely no evidence of a grand passion in Dylan's life except his wife, Caitlin.

So Dylan Thomas went to London, to find that life for a free-lance poet was not all glory and pints and pretty girls, but could be cruel and grim. Yet he was not long gaining recognition, and it came to him far more rapidly than it had for other brilliant young poets. In 1933 his poem "That Sundry Rept" was a major prize-winner in a Sunday newspaper competition. There followed prizes and the publication of his first books, "Eighteen Poems" (many written when he was between 16 and 18), of which The Times said: "Its impact was immediate and profound."

Especially upon Miss (now Dame) Edith Sitwell, who wrote of him, encouragingly: "Here alone among the poets of the younger generation is one who could produce sonnets worthy of our generation."

Dylan could not work in London, with its garish after-dark streets; he was drawn to Wales when write he must.

Dizzy round

THEN back to London and the dizzy round among the far-flung puzzles and the glowing hangings-on and the friends who remained true friends through everything.

It would seem almost as if Dylan Thomas set out upon a calculated Rake's Progress, side by side with the iron restraint, the severe self-discipline he imposed upon himself when working, always remote and alone.

He became an accepted member of the ultra-Bohemian other places, the Angel and Crown, St Martin's Lane, arguing, playing pub games, and sometimes a more serious game in which each would parody a poet.

One would take Shelley, another Byron, Keats, or Browning. Dylan, as Philip Lindsay recalls, not only showed he really knew each poet's work, but produced something that stood on its own as a good poem.

Not always was the entertainment on such a lofty plane. Often and often the stories were tall and bawdy, the mimicry funny but vulgar, the conversation loud and shrill. Often and often the drinking would go on until the next day

morning opening hours in Covent Garden and Smithfield, there was one three-day session.

In his early 20's Dylan Thomas met two men widely different in their ways of life, widely apart in age, who were to have a greater impact upon his life than any other men with the possible exception of Dan Jones. One was Augustus John, the painter, and the other Vernon Watkins, the Welsh poet who oddly combined with his poetry a somewhat prosaic job in Lloyd Bank, Swansea.

Augustus John met Dylan in London's Fitzroy Tavern, which might be called Bohemia's Clapham Junction—they all passed through it some time.

Soon afterwards Mr John was staying with Richard Hughes at his house, The Castle, in Laugharne (about which Dylan cracked: "Literary values are fairly established: Richard Hughes lives at the top of the hill in a castle, I live at the bottom in a shed.")

Wonderful eyes

BY chance a friend of the John family since childhood, Caitlin McNamara, beautiful, brilliant Irish girl with a glory of corn-gold hair and wonderful blue eyes, was also staying in Laugharne. Mr John took her out in his car and they met Dylan, who was visiting friends. Mr John introduced them, and thereafter took a back seat. "It was very for each other," he said. "There was no mistake about it and I wasn't surprised."

They were, indeed, wildly in love, and in spite of scrapes and rows and recurring financial crises, the stresses and strains of the family and the endless, infuriating trail of fanners and hangings-on, the riotous nights and lean days, all the ecstasies



Dylan and Caitlin, his beautiful Irish wife, with their baby daughter, at Laugharne, where life by the sea was tranquil compared with the hectic, dizzy round of London.

and miseries of conjugal life in Van Gogh colouring their emotional attachment remained steel-strong throughout their life together. "The only one for me," Dylan said of her not long before he died.

Twice John painted Dylan, decribing him as a good sinner when provided with the necessary supply of beer. They became friends, often playing rhove-happenny in the pubs together, though Dylan was often, pugnacious, they never came to blows. "He seemed to despise both eating and going to bed," recalled Mr John.

Dylan was about 21 when he met Vernon Watkins. Superficially they were entirely dissimilar. Mr Watkins, scholarly, looking a man of great charm and deep insight, smoked little, drank little, likes his tea about opening time, and occupies himself away from the bank not in taverns but with his wife and four children, his books, and his poetry in his cliff-top home near Swansea.

Vernon Watkins has one of the finest, if not the finest, collections of Dylan Thomas's letters. For Dylan wrote to him frequently over many years, con utting him freely about his poems, often arguing the merits or demerits of a single word.

Dylan, despite his excesses and the demands of his meticulous craftsmanship, was a

prodigious letter-writer, bestowing upon his letters to relatives, friends, and mere acquaintances the care which characterised everything he ever wrote. They were thoughtfully composed, immaculately punctuated, packed with beauty, love, humility, and that priceless gift of minute observation. They may well rank with the letters of the young Keats.

Lack of money

ONE theme recurred pathetically—the lack of money. Dylan would hint with a half-comic wistful diffidence about the boon of "round silver trash" such as half-crowns, or would sigh for "the wonderful independence of being able to walk across the road and buy an envelope."

"It is not fair," he once said, "to be penniless every morning. Every now and again but not every morning."

Yet with all the wretched scripping and scripping and borrowing of silver trash, the joyous benders when someone had paid him for something, he would not lower his standards.

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NEXT SATURDAY:
'The conchle converted'

CHEAT MEETS CHEAT

AND THIS IS HOW THEY CAN GET TOGETHER

SEE how the professional card sharper works. If he finds himself in a card game among strangers, he will casually place his right hand palm downwards on the table as he studies his cards. (Picture 1 above).

That means: "I'm a professional. Are there any other crooks playing?" If there is another crook in the game, he can reply in two ways.

He can place his hand similarly on the table. That means: "Yes, and I'll string along with you provided we split the winnings."

Or he can rest a clenched fist on the table. That means "Yes.

But I'm playing this on my own. So watch out, mister!" (Picture 2.) Whichever way it goes, it is likely that in the course of the game a card sharper will "crimp" some of the cards he wants dealt and manipulate them into the centre of the pack. (Picture 3.)

Because the cards are very slightly bent, anyone else cutting the pack will almost certainly cut at the "crimp" and so bring the marked cards to the top of the pack.

Marked cards are a big business in America. John Scarne has collected catalogues offering cleverly marked packs for sale. Note the enlarged corner of the back of a card in Picture 4; the tiny "bulge" on the left means the card is a king.

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ROLEX

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Princess Margaret puts me right about Ava...



CONTINUING: THE MAN WHO KNOWS GIRLS LIKE THIS

JACK CARDIFF is the cameraman Marilyn Monroe has insisted upon for her new picture. No one else can film a woman so well; no one can hide their weaknesses, highlight their beauty so well. But in his "Close-up of The Stars"—presented by DAVID LEWIN—he tells of one who criticised his technique: Princess Margaret.

PRINCESS MARGARET visited the film set where Jack Cardiff was shooting. He was introduced to her as "the man who makes women look beautiful." Cardiff had just finished filming Ava Gardner in "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" which Miss Gardner liked so much she wanted Cardiff again when she made "Barefoot Contessa."

The Princess remembered a scene in "Pandora." "Why did Miss Gardner have to have that



Through My Lens with JACK CARDIFF

HOW I TOOK IT—No. 2 ...AUDREY HEPBURN

by Jack Cardiff

I tried a pose that should never be done—straight on to the camera. And I wanted to get a contrast in black and white.

Lighting: one direct cross light and a high light for the hair. And I enlarged it through a stocking to get special values on the face.

awful hairstyle in such and such a scene?" asked Princess Margaret. (She exact about the scene.)

Cardiff said: "Well, it was set in the twenties and that was roughly the way hair was worn at that time."

The Princess paused for a second, then she said: "If you can make women beautiful isn't it better to do that... and not be exact about a style?"

Says Cardiff: "Even as I was talking with Princess Margaret I couldn't help examining her face as though I were going to photograph her. The eyes so beautifully made up with just the precise amount of eye-shadow. And the face make-up so exactly applied."

"Her nose"

AVA GARDNER, of course, was one of the most fascinating of the 12 leading women who were "Cardiffed" in 1955. His notebook recorded: "Watch her nose. It has a slight twist and a scar line. They are details which no one but a cameraman trained in observation would see."

Says Cardiff: "But Ava is easy to photograph. Even when she has been up until five in the morning and is on set again four hours later, she is by nine o'clock, you can still swing the lights on her."

"She didn't worry about how she looked. She never saw the rushes. The filmed work was done by taking him to law. Almost five years after the original confession the great Beecher trial began."

into a safe marked "Proof against Pigs and Clergymen."

To defend himself Beecher promptly arranged for Tilton to be expelled from his church as a scandal-monger. Tilton replied by taking him to law. Almost five years after the original confession the great Beecher trial began.

Tickets for the courthouse were black-marketed at \$5 apiece. Opera glasses were sold in court. The pious defendant sat amidst a mass of flowers sent to him in court by admirers. Occasionally he took up a bunch of violets and sniffed them sadly. The trial rolled on for six months.

The case against Beecher was incredibly strong. Yet his saintly reputation was even stronger. After 52 ballots the jurors still disagreed. The trial ended without result.

THEIR FATE —to die alone

WHAT happened to the Tiltons? Their marriage was ruined. Elizabeth became a recluse. Theodore died alone in Paris, Victoria Woodhull, having switched to a campaign for monogamy and against divorce, married an English banker. As an old woman in the 1920's she sneaked her chauffeurs if they failed to drive fast enough down the English lanes.

Beecher? He had died years earlier, full of honours. His funeral was magnificent. And mothers held up their babies as he lay in state so that they too might have one glimpse of a great and worthy man.

(COPYRIGHT)

FIVE YEARS —then the trial

THE stir was enormous. The queues at Beecher's church each Sunday grew still more swollen. And new facts about his private life came trickling into the Press.

As a pastor in Indiana he had apparently been more than a friend to a teenager named Betty Bates; a Brooklyn publisher released the story of his own wife's relations with the minister. It was even said that a few chosen ladies had private keys to his vestry. And a Press cartoon showed a stern husband shutting his wife

The most celebrated preacher in the land at the centre of a 'morals' trial. It happened in the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' family

By Robert Pitman

Elizabeth was away, confabulating in the country. Suddenly there were foot-steps in the dusk outside. It was Elizabeth. On a sudden impulse she had returned to tell Theodore the facts about their friend Henry Beecher, to tell him—with "great modesty and delicacy," said Theodore later—that for a period of 18 months she had once been Beecher's mistress.

Her confession caused no instant scandal. Theodore Tilton, tall, with Auburn curls, brushed back to his collar, was a man of eccentricity. On some nights his wife would have to trek with him from bedroom to bedroom until he found the bed which suited him for softness. Now his reaction was eccentric too.

DELIGHTED at his own nobility of mind he resolved to forget and forgive. The resolve lasted two weeks. Before the year was out he had managed to hint the interesting details of Beecher's lapse to a succession of Brooklyn house-holds.

Beecher, too, behaved oddly. Sometimes he penned solemn letters of guilt and penitence. Sometimes he acted as if he were the injured party himself. But in one thing he was consistent: he went on preaching to his huge congregation and drawing his huge salary.

As for Elizabeth, she kept matters quietly boiling by alternately retreating and repenting her confession.

Soon other actors joined the scene. There was Beecher's own grim-faced wife, whom people nick-named "the Griffin." She stuck by Beecher, but her face alone helped the whisperers to explain why he

might well look for solace elsewhere.

There was Tilton's mother-in-law. She had never been fond of Theodore. Now she chased him with a carving knife, threatening to cut his heart out.

Moved to another house, she wrote him a series of letters. They were not friendly. "Infernal villain!" one began. "Your slimy, polluted hand curses everything you touch."

But she upset the crying Beecher even more by greeting him warmly as "my son."

So far the forces had been played out in private. And there it might have lingered but for the entry of a character from far outside the devout Beecher circle. This was the amazing Victoria Woodhull—spiritualist, lady-stockbroker, Communist, campaigner for sex equality and free love. Victoria proceeded to burst the whole scandal wide open.

Hearing the rumours, she saw instantly that Beecher was really practising what she had always preached. Everywhere at Mrs. Beecher's she halted him as a convert to free love.

"Every great man of Mr. Beecher's type," she shrieked, "has the right to the loving manifestations of many women."



JACK CARDIFF (LEFT) ADVISES ON INGRID BERGMAN'S MAKE-UP

In her face and her lids were lower than I remembered before.

"When it comes to work she is a perfectionist. Hitch tried out his 10-minute take on our film—shooting 10 minutes at a time. That puts a tremendous strain on everyone. Hitch didn't blink or fluff a line once."

What Cardiff remembers most was the background shooting on "Under Capricorn." The scene was Australia in the middle of the last century. Hitchcock had the idea of making an Australian street scene out of a Wild West street standing outdoors at a Hollywood studio.

"Anyway the weather will be better in California for the exteriors," said Hitch.

Says Cardiff: "We waited two weeks for the sun to come out of the smog on that location."

Apple cheeks

WHILE nothing caused Ingrid Bergman to fret or fuss, Moira Shearer, who also says, "I can give the impression of cold composure, was just the reverse."

She made her first film, "The Red Shoes," and Cardiff gave her a camera test to see how she looked. Log report: "Watch



MOIRA SHEARER TEACHER JACK CARDIFF TO DANCE

those apple-round cheeks—they were like cream kinds of cross lighting."

But Shearer was shy. So Cardiff closed the set to strangers, put up a screen on the corner and with just an electronic for the lamps made the test so that no one could worry her.

The evolution of Moira Shearer from ballet to films was interesting to watch. At first she was so strange to the new world that she the star of the picture would queue up to get a cup of tea for cameraman Cardiff.

By the end of the picture she had extremely definitely learned to be played and made them clear to the director.

By then people were queuing up to serve her. "The Iron of the Sea" in her was showing," says Cardiff, "she has such innocent eyes and such implacable determination to get what she wants."

Those lips

DETERMINATION that is the quality which all 12 of the most fascinating women in the world share in common.

Gina Lollobrigida perhaps shows it most clearly. She has been filmed so many times—but not in any easy-to-photograph. Watch those cheeks and those lips. A false light and they will film badly.

Attention is directed at the figure—so carefully prepared with speciality-wise. But Lollobrigida has a brain and realises she must become an actress now," says Cardiff. "Her husband is her agent and they have made a successful business out of themselves."

"So successful that when I went to see them the specially imported trees in her garden were being watered—not from the tap but from bottles of mineral water."

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NEXT SATURDAY: It's the man who worry

No Nonsense, Romance Has A Cash Value

by MILTON SHULMAN

London making level. Sex should be handled like a diamond drill. Love is a suspect thing likely to get you in the red.

There is no nonsense about broken-hearted females waiting for their man, begging him to return or offering to be his forevermore in Eartha's repertoire. "It don't take lots to get me to care," she purrs, stroking a fur coat. "I've even been nice to a poor millinaire."

Eartha's range is wonderful. She can use that velvet-and-cream voice of hers so that it trembles



expected angles like some six-armed Oriental god having an argument.

After this first flurry of sound and movement, she gave us a chance to study her in repose by switching to a plaintive, enjoling refrain at a little girl looking for a little boy to love. Dipping an audience into alternative hot and cold numbers is a vital part of the Eartha technique.

Sheathed in white satin inconspicuously topped by a ribbon of pink, her black hair pulled tight off the face, her squat, feline features caught somewhere between a pout and a cress, she might have been one of Gauguin's beauties inexplicably transplanted from Tahiti to London's West End. The primitive look adds a shock element to the brittle sophistication that it cloaks.

Eartha Kitt is a blues singer whose moans are never about a man but about a milk coat. She has put romance on a strictly profit-making level. Sex should be handled like a diamond drill. Love is a suspect thing likely to get you in the red.

Every finance and gesture of her performance is timed with the stealthy perfection of a sensitive booby-trap. The most innocent lines burst out into the most unexpected effects. And she can keep an audience hanging on a pause like a parachute jumper who refuses to pull his cord until the very last second.

Eartha Kitt is a blues singer whose moans are never about a man but about a milk coat. She has put romance on a strictly profit-making level. Sex should be handled like a diamond drill. Love is a suspect thing likely to get you in the red.

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

GET THAT SPRING FEELING... WITHOUT BUSTING THE BANK

Let's Go Nap On Gimmicks

By Anne Scott-James

EXCEPT for the occasional gala party, I hate wearing fancy dress. Which is why I've bought very few clothes this season. When fashion becomes "costume," you can count me out.

I just feel in my English bones that the catkin, the obi, and the cancan were not designed for me. And I am giving the French Empire line a miss.

Of course, I am not alone in 1819, even Madame Tenebris once looked good in the third Empire gown.

Besides, I find that the most wearable clothes this spring are such watered-down versions of the Empire style, mostly fitted tube dresses with some sort of a seam under the bust that the romance of history is gone without any contemporary chic to take its place.

In other words, I like my old clothes better.

ROMANTIC, UP IN THE CLOUDS

But as it's spring, and as I'm human, I long for something new. I don't want whole new outfits, because I don't like the new, distorting line.

But I do think it's a season to go bust on gimmicks.

Fabrics and accessories have never been prettier, the fabrics flimsy as candy floss, the accessories romantic and up-in-the-clouds.

Here are some ideas for getting the feeling of spring fashion without distorting your shape.

LIFT your sash and belts a few inches above the waist for evening, a swathed sash or a velvet ribbon. By day, one of the new, longer belts.

WEAR a flimsy blouse instead of a tailored shirt, the sort of blouse they wore in a punt on the river in 1810, feminine in white, chiffon or lawn or organdy with a floppy collar.

BUNCH yourself with fake flowers. Big roses, carnations, lilies of the valley are in fashion for the first spring for years.

Fake roses clamber over hats, sprout out of evening hats, are bunched on a lapel.

SUCCEED in the big-hatted look, but modify it if you're scared (don't blame you) by the beehive, the mobcap, and the work-basket. Just get a deep-rimmed, floppy-brimmed hat that accentuates the crown with a polka-dot scarf.

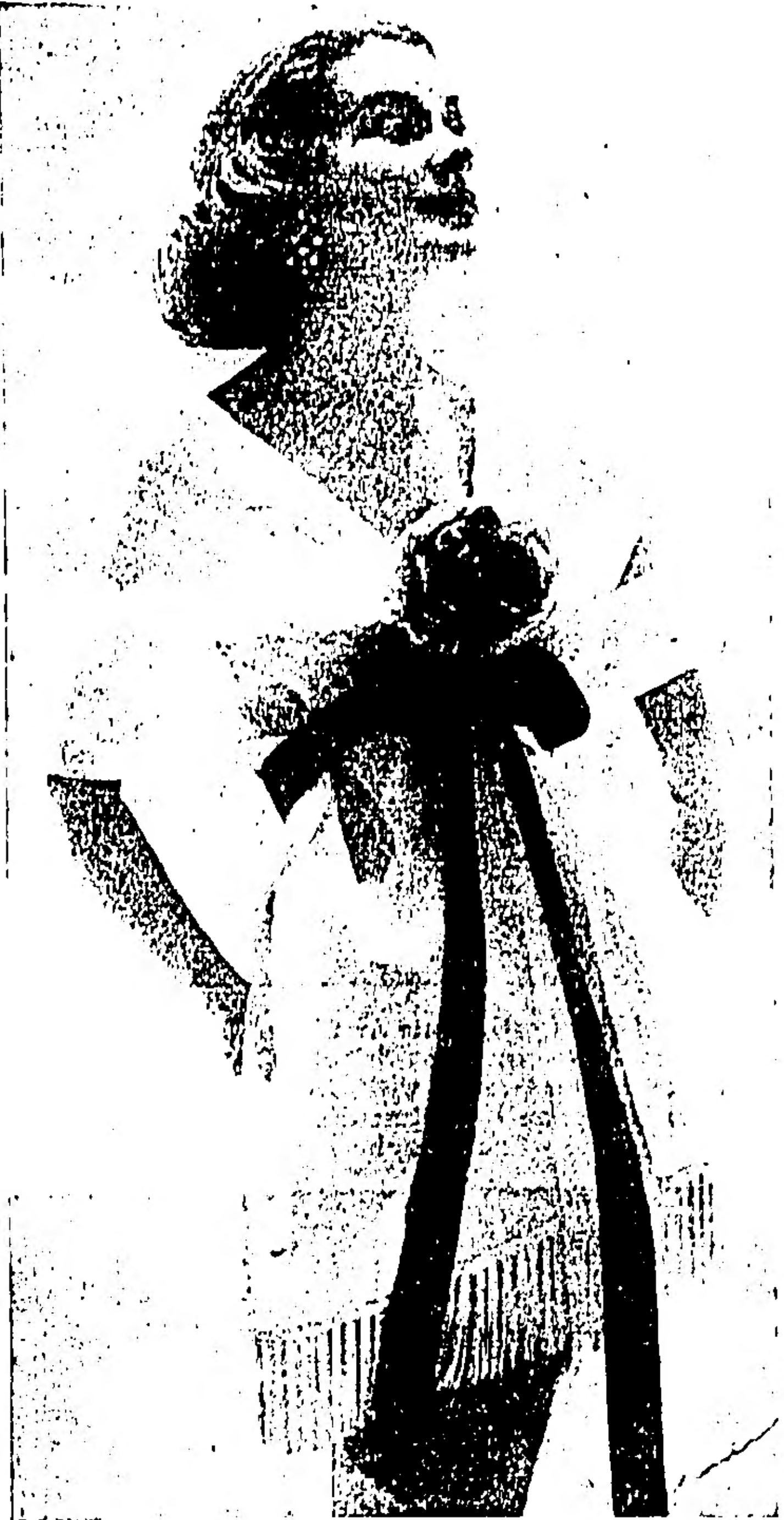
CHOOSE softer fabrics than your wardrobe has. Lawn, chiffon, muslin are the key. A softer blouse, a softer sweater round your hat, a softer scarf, a softer stole. And if you have a new summer dance dress, choose the softest of all materials, chiffon.

PLACE your jewellery differently. A clip or brooch will look newer on your cuff, at your waist, on your hip, than at your neckline or lapel.

WEAR pretty-pretty shoes. Pastel shoes, printed silk shoes, fabulous heels, jewels are worn on the best-dressed feet.



A GIMMICK FOR DAY: Get the big-hatted look with a straw beach hat swathed with a polka-dot scarf.



PICTURES BY DAVID OLINS.

A GIMMICK FOR EVENING: Lift your waistline with a fringed organdie fichu tucked under the bust with velvet ribbon and pinned with a rose.

HATS ARE MORE NONSENSICAL THAN EVER

HATS for the summer are either very large, very important or very small.

There is no such thing as an insignificant hat. For hats today must balance the stem-like silhouette of the season's styling.

So pillboxes are tall, with crowns high and square and often swathed with yards of tulle or organdy. Brims are sloping and usually heavily trimmed with feathers, fruit or large flat boxes fixed horizontally like a helmet, or properly.

NEW CAPELINES

Fast increasing in popularity, too, are the largest cartwheel hats ever worn at any time by the post-war generation. But in acquiring greater size, they have also acquired a new name, capeline—inspired from France's one of London's top milliners, Madame Simone Mirman.

Some are cut away at the back and pared somewhat in front to give an oval effect. Some are equally wide all round. On some, the brim slopes down over a large part of the face. A few are gently upturned in reversed mushroom effect.

All are shallow. A low crown merges almost imperceptibly into the brim—or frankly rises from the edge to a point in the centre without any clear definition. Many have to resort to claws to clamp them, still somewhat precariously, to the head.

Large as they are, they are always light, whether made of tulle, organdy or in one of the new feather, weight plain or fancy straws.

HIDES THE FACE

An outstanding example by Madame Simone Mirman, who makes many hats for Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent and other members of the Royal family, is in rich pink organdy with a pink ribbon bow on either side. Another has layers of water thin white straw with green bows underneath.

Reminiscent of the drawing room lampshade are some models by one of London's younger milliners, Edward Harvane.

Mr Harvane uses richly shaded from pale to midnight blue, or in tones of mauve for a face-hiding model which rises from brim to centre point in a straight line. In contrast to the triangular effect is a large "plate" in black crocheted straw trimmed with black velvet.

A fabric which looks like tweed is used by Renee of Pavy for an enormous yellow hat with cut-away back, flat crown and brim covered with large fanning

roses and other flowers. In the same collection, a large flat white straw with down-curling tulle, is swathed in a tulle of yellow and grey tulle.

Perhaps in anticipation of a very warm summer, matching the unusually cold winter, many hats, large and small, have open crowns this season. Madame Mirman makes one toge of grey organza cascading out of an open circle on the crown.

Fruit, flowers, ribbons, tulle, organdy and jewels are all seen in pastiche in its trimming.

Madame Mirman hangs bunches of red currants or a small shining black straw, while black currants are strewn over a large white organdy capeline with open crown to give a ring effect.

A cloche is made entirely of tulle and one evening hat is entirely made up of violets and tiny green bows. Posing rings of red and white jasmine trim another, on a third, a small sat in life-like pose on a toge made of green leaves.

BEEFEATERS' CAPS

Victorian wallpaper-patterned ribbon is stretched on organdy to form a capeline hat finished with a narrow black velvet ribbon round the crown.

Madame Mirman goes back to Medieval and Renaissance England for inspiration for her "charlottes"—a 20th century version of the mob cap. One at- tective little charlotte in white organdy is delicately embroidered with small flowers in two shades of red. Another, embroidered and trimmed with a fringe, is reminiscent of the Tudor caps of the "Beebeaters", so well-known to all visitors to the Tower of London.

Helmet, too, appear on the heads of pretty model girls with upswep hair. But feathers replace the steel of the medieval version.

Mr Harvane harks further back still, and produces a model in muted line and straw which has an unmistakable resemblance to the headdress worn by Queen Neferiti.

ON THE FOREHEAD

The little bits of nonsense which all milliners love to offer for the cocktail and evening hours are more nonsensical than ever this season. Or perhaps it is that they appear so because they are worn not only on the front of the head but even descending below the hairline well on to the forehead.

Madame Mirman, for example, uses green velvet and tiny roses, worn on the forehead. Mr Harvane combines a flat green velvet rose worn far forward with a large horizontal bow in organdy—China Mail Special.

Short Evening Dresses Can Be Just As Grand...

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

THIS is the time of year when everyone seems to be planning holidays. Overseas visitors are already arriving in town for the spring and summer and Londoners themselves are on the move.

What kind of clothes do designers suggest for travel and for off-duty wear this year?

For travel clothes they offer two extremes, the formal and the informal. Favourite amongst the formal styles is the dress and coat outfit, which has been rejuvenated this season and is now no longer the preserve of dowager duchesses and the like. The dress is either a slim sheath or a feminine princess style, in a printed cotton or silk, and the coat, which is lined to match the dress, is, in the print's main colour.

The informal style which came to us from Ireland is one that is catching on, particularly with air travellers since it provides warmth for the journey but will be cool on arrival in a hot climate. This is a three-piece outfit consisting of cream-tweed skirt, pale silk shirt, and thick-knit woollen jacket in an unusual Irish peasant pattern.

When it comes to evening clothes, designers favour the trend towards the informal and here again the dress and coat is popular. One designer who shows how the informal short dress can be just as grand as the full-length version is Victor Stiebel. He makes a short



Victor Stiebel's evening outfit is in slipper satin.

evening dress in opalescent slipper satin, embroidered the front of the skirt with pearls and rhinestones. For dramatic contrast, he tops the dress with a loose coat in peony slipper satin, effectively cutted in black fox.

Other designers use white lace scattered with white satin bows or black lace leaves, printed cotton, and embroidered shantung.

In style most designers favour the long look of the princess or empress style. Dresses have full skirts, and one unusual princess dress had enormous patch pockets at hip-level. Other styles have the fullness distributed in a different way, with a flat panel at the front, and the skirt billowing out at the back.

The empress style is marked by a narrow band or silk sash placed high above the waistline. Next year, when the style may be out of fashion, all you do is lower the sash to the normal waistline or remove it altogether.

Woman Photographer Finds Gallant Gentlemen Galore

Most of her portraits bear the mark of her individual technique, a deep contrast of light and shadow.

She said she learns a lot about her subjects before she meets them, then uses the friendly rather than the awe approach. She said she often disarms them with a conversational gambit they don't expect, sometimes even on a controversial subject.

No flattery please

Miss Young said her experience in photographing personalities has taught her that they are so used to being flattered that they're bored with it.

"Bored people make dull camera subjects, even if they are famous," she concluded.

As sitters she described fiery labour leader John L. Lewis as "most co-operative," and Russia's Andrei Vishinski as a "lamb."

Celebrated sitters

Miss Young, who used to be an artist and a landscape architect, deserted her brushes and drafting board 15 years ago to become a portrait photographer. Now it is her ambition to photograph all current prominent people who are making history. She has made a mighty good start in the past 15 years.

Her studies have been on exhibition all over the country, as well as on book jackets and magazine covers and on the pages of many magazines and newspapers. Her sitters have included such well-known personalities as former President Harry Truman, a former secretary of state, Dean Acheson; India's Madame Pandit, France's Vincent Auriol, the United Nations' Ralph Bunche, sculptor Jo Davidson, and stage and screen star Vivien Leigh.

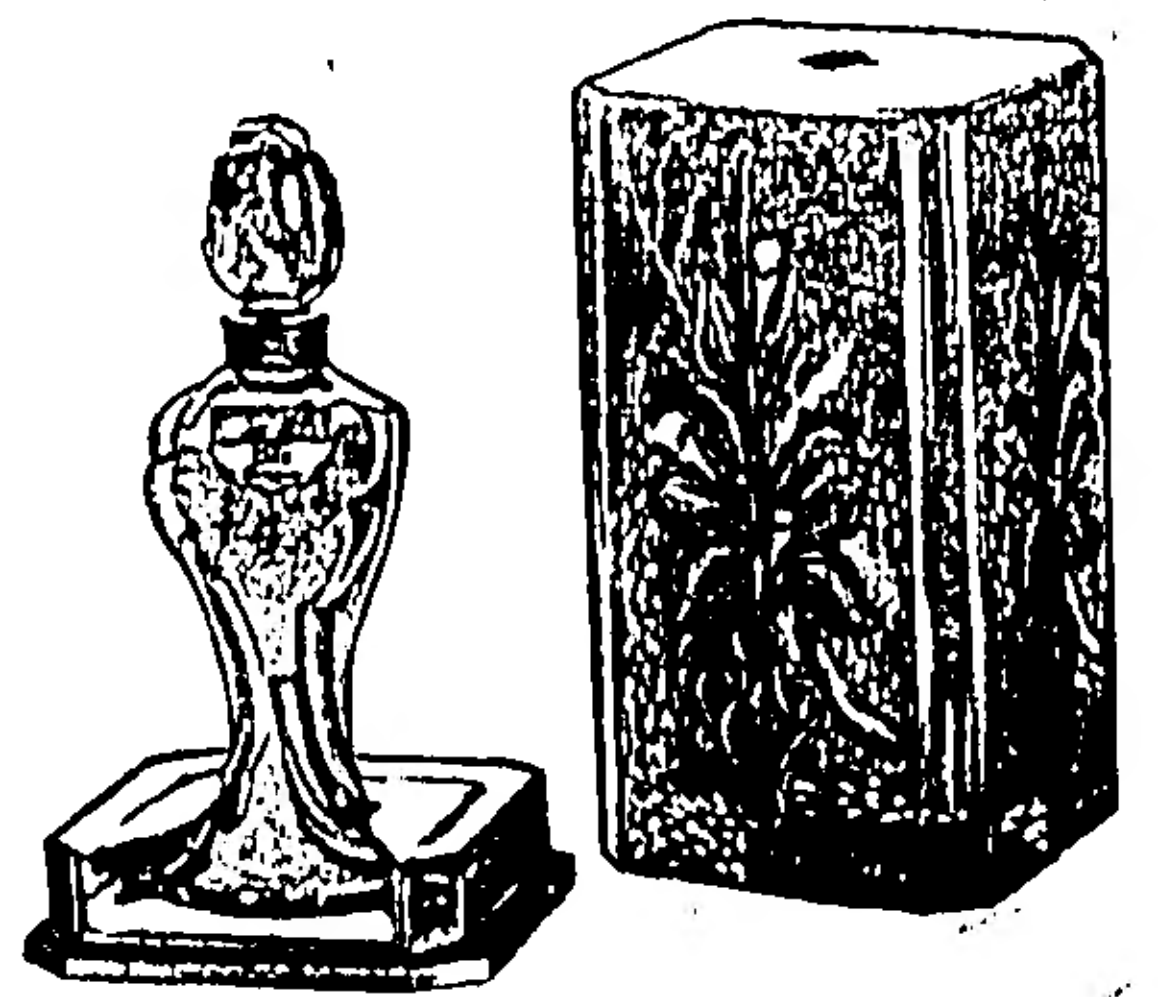
Individual technique

Miss Young is most sorry never to have photographed Britain's late Queen Mary, and India's Ghandi. Now she would like to photograph President Eisenhower and Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt.

Working conditions aren't always ideal for the photographer of the famous. Time and posing habits are hazards of the business.

Miss Young said she had just eight minutes in which to take a picture of the late Sen. Robert Taft. That photograph now is considered by many of his friends as the best ever taken of him. Famous people also are accustomed to falling into stock poses before a camera, and Miss Young said she once had to move Mr Truman from behind his desk to a chair in the centre of the room to get a relaxed study of him.

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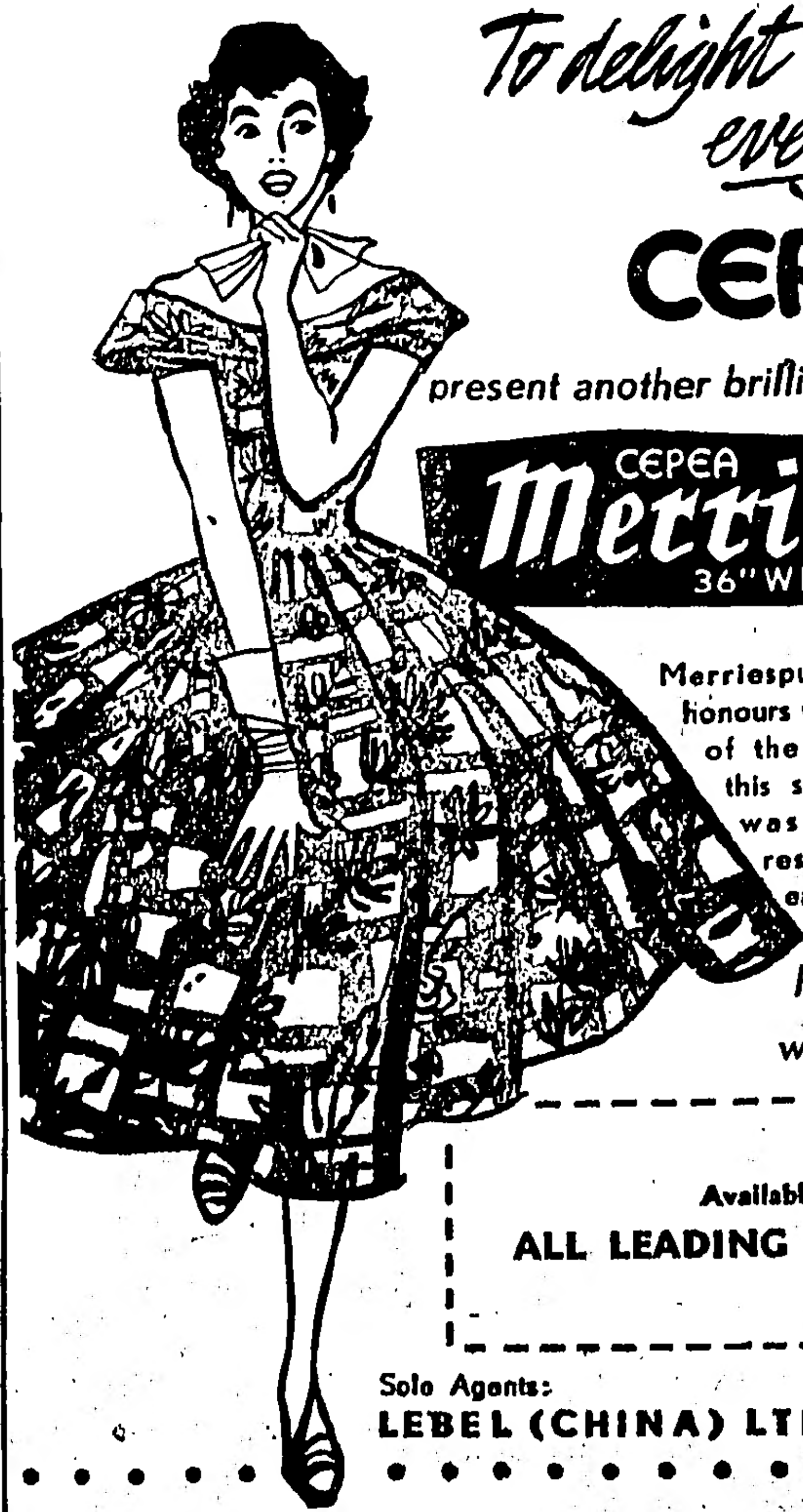
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THE amphibious jeep, "Half Safe," which arrived in Hongkong last Sunday on its way around the world. Mr Ben Carlin (right), who left Montreal and crossed the Atlantic in it in 1950, intends to take it to America via Formosa, Japan and Alaska. An Australian, he is accompanied by a fellow countryman, Barry Hanley. (Staff Photographer)



THE Malayan Association this week entertained the Chief Justice, Mr Justice M. J. Hogan, at a cocktail party. He was formerly Attorney-General in Malaya, and has had a lot to do with Malayan constitutional reform. From left: Mrs A. V. Whitehead, Mr Booy Kok-keng, President of the Association, Mr A. V. Whitehead and Mr Justice Hogan. (Staff Photographer)



MR Michael Griffith (left), some of whose pictures and wood carvings were shown at the British Council this week, discussing one of his works with Mr H. Holtmeyer. Mr Griffith is the Education Department's Art Inspector. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING of Mr Anthony Ingles and Miss Choung Shiu-yu at St Andrew's Church.

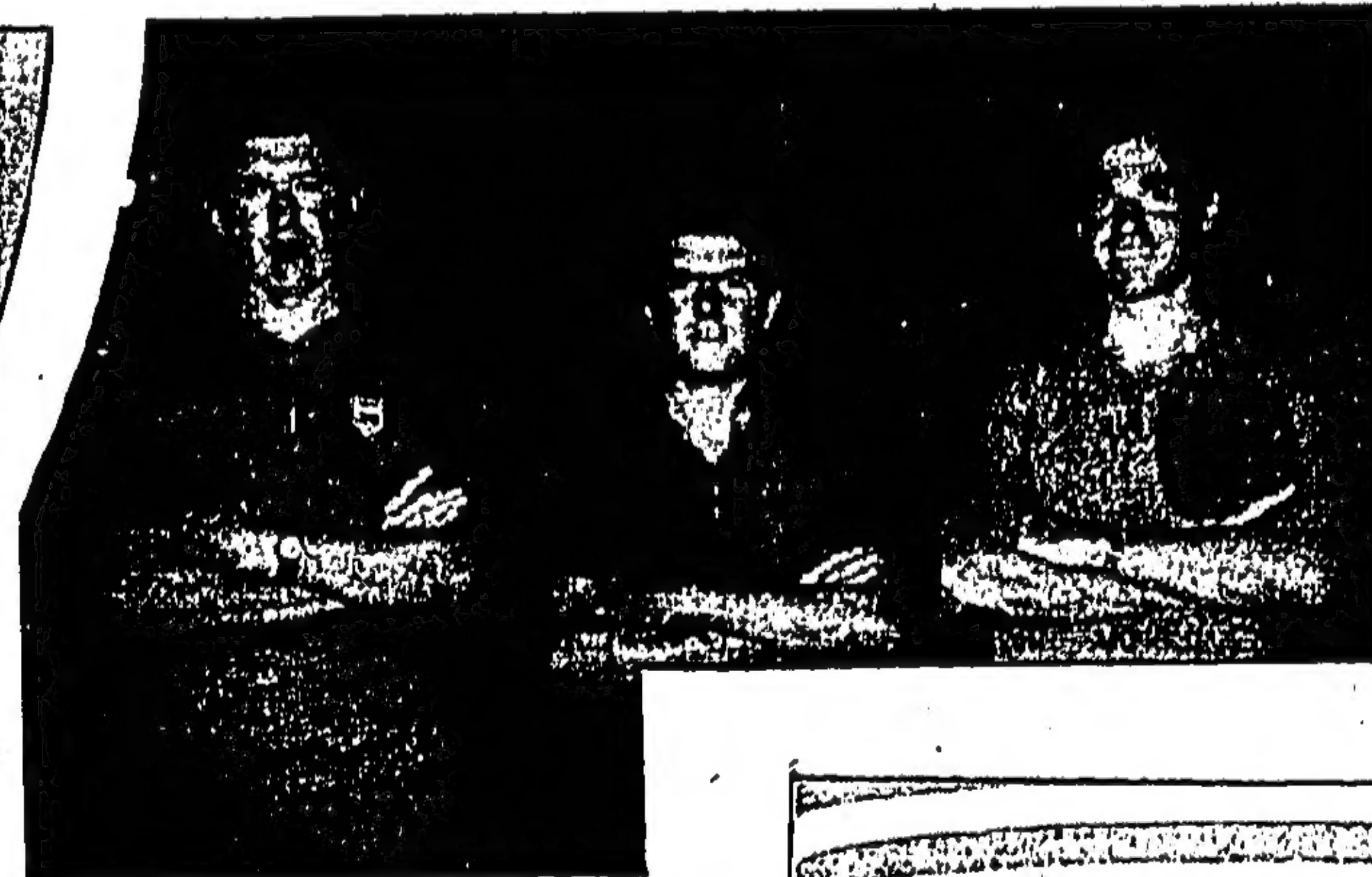
RIGHT: Christening at the Union Church last Sunday of Linda, daughter of Mr and Mrs William McColl. (Ming Yuen)



MR William Sprague (left), Assistant Director of Marine who left Hongkong on retirement last week, seen off by Mr W. R. K. Collings and Mr C. Cairns on board the Corfu. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Christening at St Andrew's Church of Terry John, son of Mr and Mrs W. Burgess. (Mainland)



THE three members of the RAF Island table tennis team who beat RAF Mainland to win the European League Table Tennis Championship at the Ladies Recreation Club. (Staff Photographer)

AT the farewell party given at the Ying King Restaurant by "B" Coy, Hongkong Regiment, to their departing OC, Major J. P. O'Driscoll, who is leaving for the U.S. shortly. Major O'Driscoll (in dark suit) being given a big hand on rising to speak. (Staff Photographer)

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AT the Portuguese Fair, held at the Club de Recreio last Sunday in aid of the Portuguese Community School (Escola Camoes). On right: the Misses Olivia Axedo, Marie Ribeiro and Marilyn Brown were some of the helpers at the Fair. (Staff Photographer)

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EASTER Day for the Russian community was last Sunday. A religious service at mid-night ushered in the feast. Picture shows the procession at St Andrew's Church. (Mainland)



TWO Cubs in a book-balancing race at the annual Scouts open night at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong. Many parents attended. (Staff Photographer)



MR J.P. Pottor, President of the Hongkong Art Club, Mrs T. Heilmeyer and Mr Luis Chan at the opening of the Club's new premises in Queen's Road Central. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mrs R. Y. Frost opening the new building of the Hongkong Sea School at Stanley on Thursday. In centre is Mr Brook A. Barnacchi. (Staff Photographer)



PROFESSOR Charles Wells, Professor of Surgery in the University of Liverpool (left) and Mrs Wells met at Kai Tak on their arrival by Professor F. E. Stock, of Hongkong University. Prof. Wells has been appointed External Examiner in Surgery by the Hongkong University. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: At the supper dance held at the American Club last Saturday to mark the close of the ballroom dancing class for teenagers conducted by Mrs Eric Lindahl.



RIGHT: Winners in Sections A and B in the Hongkong University Photographic Society's exhibition open to university and school students. From left: Ng Shiu-kean, K.H. Chan, Chan Kai-yuen, Chao Tsoo-chang and Wong Siow-choong. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The friends of Carlos Neronha who attended the party given on his nineteenth birthday and helped him to celebrate. Carlos is fifth from left in middle row. (May-fair)



BELOW: Tiffin meeting of the Rotary Club of Hongkong Island East, when Mr O.F. Hamilton, Kai Tak Airport Manager, gave a talk on aviation. From left: Mr Hamilton, Mr Bill Nichol, Mr R.A. Hanley and Mr G.L. Brock. (Staff Photographer)



DINNER given in an Aberdeen floating restaurant by Mr Maurice Fokmanthim for friends who arrived in the mv Laos. From left: Mr Thomas Li, Mr Louis Ramband, Miss R. Kinola, Mr Caron Aimo, Miss M. Buissan, Mr F. Gabolla, Miss I. Danior, Mr Fokmanthim and Mr Blanquard.



BELOW: Dutch youngsters who attended a children's party given at the Helana May Institute to celebrate the birthday of Queen Juliana. (Ming Yuen)



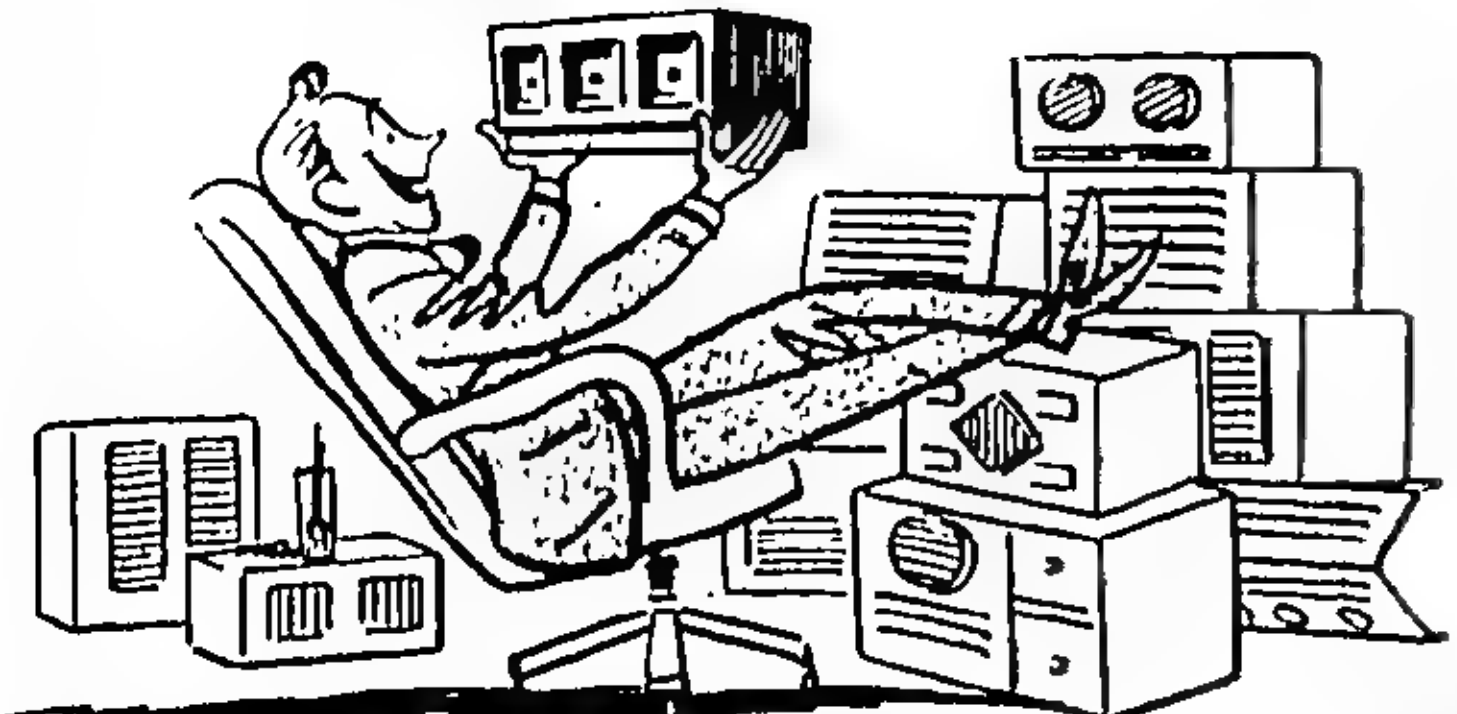
VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS
IN A
MESH WEAVE for SUMMER WEAR



AS WE HAVE STOCKED THIS MESH-WEAVE SHIRT FOR MANY YEARS NOW, WE FEEL IT HAS PROVED ITSELF VERY SATISFACTORY FOR EVERYDAY WEAR.
CREAM AND WHITE.
SHORT AND LONG SLEEVES.

MACKINTOSH'S

Have you
made a study of
airconditioning?



Westinghouse
have!

For 65 years Specialists in Cooling Equipment for home and industry. You can't go wrong with WESTINGHOUSE! Ask to see Window units in 3/4, 1, 1 1/2, & 2 H.P. Also Casement type in 3/4 H.P. Several models fitting Heating Elements.

To meet your
every
weather wish!

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AIRCONDITIONING

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PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

RUSSIAN There must be a PROGRESS merry humorist in charge of Russia's aviation propaganda. A Billy Hunter, a lover of "spoofs and jokes" who has spent happy hours hoarding the West's aviation experts—and he has done it with materials supplied by the West.

The U.S. already seriously troubled by Russia's advances in jet aircraft and guided missiles, become more and more troubled a little while ago when photographs began to trickle from behind the Iron

Curtain of superbly designed jet fighters of hitherto unparalleled types. They looked fast, tough, well armed. To Air Force worried until an aviation expert visiting a French factory was shown pictures of that company's latest fighter.

He thought he recognized the photo and took it back to the U.S. with him. There, he went through his files. And came up with the picture of one of the "Russian" planes. They were the same. The Russians had retouched it, faked a new tail and cockpit, put on Russian squadron markings, and sent it back to the West.

Other aircraft, proved to be fakes and fakes too. One of them even turned out to be America's own Supermarine.

Evidently pleased with the success of their practical joke, the Russians have now gone one better. In a Czech magazine there appears the photograph of one of Russia's latest turbojet fighters. There is only one thing wrong with it. It is a picture of an American factory. Russian "intelligence" has been given to the picture by retouching the workmen. Their faces have been removed and their shirts replaced by smocks.

LIFE IN 2056 There will be no oceans in a hundred years, time and water means may then have fallen into disuse.

That is part of a picture of the future presented to the delegates at a head conference in Brussels by Dr. Ronald Bradbury, City Architect and Housing Director of Liverpool.

New chemical methods of water disposal would render it useless for collection. Household water would be kept in tanks and used over and over

again after passing through a purifying process. The water wagon would deliver in bulk to top up storage tanks.

There would be no electric bulbs—cathodes would be incandescent. Rooms would be heated by wallpaper prepared on the principle of the electric blanket. Such wallpaper is, in fact, available today. Cooking would be done electronically with power from atomic energy.

There would be more windows and no curtains, even in the bathroom, because glass would be of the one-way view type.

HIS HOUSE FELL DOWN! Mr. Sidney Powell, 30, a night worker of Small Heath, Birmingham, went to bed in his front bedroom and woke up a few hours later to find himself on view to the neighbours. Two walls, part of the roof and most of the floor had disappeared.

His bed, strewn with bricks and plaster, was only 18 inches from a sheer drop to the ground below.

Mr. Powell, who grabbed his trousers and managed to scramble to the ground, is a former Army vet and, had another narrow escape in Italy when the house in which he was sheltering was destroyed by a shell. But that was in wartime, and on that occasion he did not end up as a show-piece for the neighbour.

ABOUT Mrs. Daisy Stevens and FACE A formula, which she went out for a drive in a car, was at the mining village of Hunanga, New Zealand. But she didn't have to turn around to get back home. The formula did it for her. It lifted the car off the ground and it down facing in the opposite direction.

How Often Should An Author Write 'The End'?

GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON EXAMINES THE SIX AGES OF AUTHORSHIP

HERE is the story of the Author's Progress with illustrative examples.

FIRST BOOK: The worst and, too often, the best. The worst to write; the hardest to "place" with a publisher; the best to read.

So, of literary reputations would be higher today if the author had written the magic words "The End" only once in his life.

A successful first novel is not one that makes money that would be a miracle, but one that makes the critic say, "Probably he will never write anything as good again."

THE DAY THE CENTURY ENDED. By Francis Irbly Gwalfney. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

A POWERFUL novel in which the grandeur of the men who led at Gettysburg fight in the jungles of the Philippines.

A Southern regiment of the National Guard (Territorial), where often and men know one another as neighbours and respect one another as gentlemen, does well in battle and loses its colour. When stupid

and brutal regular officers take over, it goes to pieces.

Its moral disintegration is symbolised by the military career of Sam Gifford, the colonel's son-in-law, sent to the penal company for striking a panicky officer who had stupidly killed some of his comrades.

For Sam Gifford, Southern gentleman and military mist, the hell he lives in is made more lucidly dreadful by haunting, delightful memories of love and marriage.

For all its show of brightness and parade of soldiers' language, "The Day the Century Ended" is a novel dripping with sentiment. You can make an omelette without breaking eggs. Many war novels break the eggs and try to make the omelette with the shells. They pile on the horrors and leave out the people. Gwalfney throws in the eggs as well as the shells.

The result might be one of those miracles that make money. Probably Gwalfney will never write anything as good again.

THE STIFFEST HURDLE

SECOND BOOK: Stiffest hurdle on the course; most of the horses refuse.

The author is faced with the need to prove that his first book was not a flash in the pan. He must likely, they suffer from anxiety neurosis plus a compulsive urge to put pen to paper. The critics get ready to say (a) "tries to repeat a success," or (b) "shows the limitations of Miss K's talent."

The publisher shares the anxiety neurosis.

THE FLIGHT FROM THE ENCHANTER. By Iris Murdoch. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

IRIS Murdoch's second novel follows her success with "Under the Net," a wayward fantasy of life in Chelsea.

"The Flight from the Enchanter" opens with Annette Cockayne's flight from Miss Walpole's ladies' college, an expensive finishing school in

Kensington. Annette has decided that, when it comes to finishing, she can do the job as well as anybody.

She plunges into a maze of eccentric action and dotty characters: two wild Polish brothers, their English mistress (a serious-minded girl), her brother, who edits a bankrupt magazine, a historian formerly engaged in deciphering an ancient script, and a broadly comic old suffragette (liveliest person in the book).

There is also the Enchanter himself, a mysterious, famous individual who has one blue eye and a very brown, and is called Ma cha Fox.

Faults of the novel: interest is dispersed; story fails to develop flying speed. The wild hilarious invention of "Under the Net" has been muted, as if Miss Murdoch were afraid somebody might say, "She tries to repeat her success." She doesn't.

What is left? An air of plausibility, knockabout farce. Miss Murdoch's unique gift, one brilliantly funny scene, a teasing sense that a meaning is buried somewhere if only the author could remember where she put it.

There are plenty of reminders in this second novel that here is one of the most original talents in fiction today. Wait for Miss Murdoch's third.

THE REAL TEST

THIRD BOOK: The real test. If the author is going to stay on the literary lists, there had better be signs of fresh invention, some new characters.

FREIGHTER. By Susan Yorko Macdonald. 12s. 6d.

SUSAN made a hit with "The Widow" six years ago. It called it "not so much a novel as a prolonged essay on love, written by someone who dislikes it."

"The Widow" was the story of a middle-aged woman's diabolical destruction of the young man whom she had captivated. Freighter, her third novel, is the story of a ship. "The Widow" was unpleasant and un-

usual. Freighter is milder, and commonplace.

Passengers in a ship bound out of New York for Antwerp include a pianist who has suffered incurable damage to his hands. Somehow, helped by a fellow-passenger, a woman music critic, the pianist recovers his touch in life; if he cannot be a pianist, he will be a composer.

Somehow, I do not believe it.

HIS WORRIES ARE OVER

FOURTH BOOK: In the groove by this time. The author has proved his staying-power.

He begins to talk about "my puns." The public begins to take the author for granted. The publisher's worries are over for a while.

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER. By Ian Fleming. Cape. 12s. 6d.

JAMES Bond of the Secret Service, the smooth-living quick-loving, licensed killer of M.I.6 takes his 20th birthday automobile with the skeleton grip on a non-political assignment.

Some bad men have been smuggling diamonds out of Africa into the United States. Bond is dedicated to the capture and destruction of bad men—and the rescue of bad women. He finds himself pitted against the Spangford Mob, a sinister American organisation with a casino business near Las Vegas and a shady remote coadjutor named Tiffany Case.

A painful experience at the age of sixteen has given Tiffany an antipathy to men which Bond chivalrously hopes to correct. As the novel comes gently to rest after a hectic run, the signs are that Bond who has nearly eliminated the Spangford Mob in a railroad accident has reached his second objective.

SPREADING THE JAM

FIFTH BOOK: The author will now begin to be more economical with his material.

The jam will be spread thinner. The more watchful critics will notice this.

RETRAIT TO INNOCENCE. By Doris Lessing. Michael Joseph. 15s.

DORIS Lessing, South Africa's first woman novelist, is a born novelist. She has the broad humanity which can contain both humour and seriousness; the capacity to understand people; the power to invent lively, energetic dialogue. She has sentiment, and keeps it in its place.

Her fifth novel "Retreat to Innocence," relies on a slight enough theme: Julia Barr, an enchanting girl of 20, falls in love with a middle-aged Jewish refugee from Prague. The relations between Julia and the Czech, between Julia and the Czech's mistress, the gulf between two generations and two outlooks—all this is most delicately presented.

In the end, the Czech, is tempted back to Prague and Julia falls into marriage with a reluctant young Englishman named Roger. I can believe in everything in this novel, except Roger.

Even the less watchful critics will find plenty of jam in this enjoyable novel.

CHANGE THE NEEDLE

SIXTH BOOK: Usually it is time for the author to change the needle before the public changes the record.

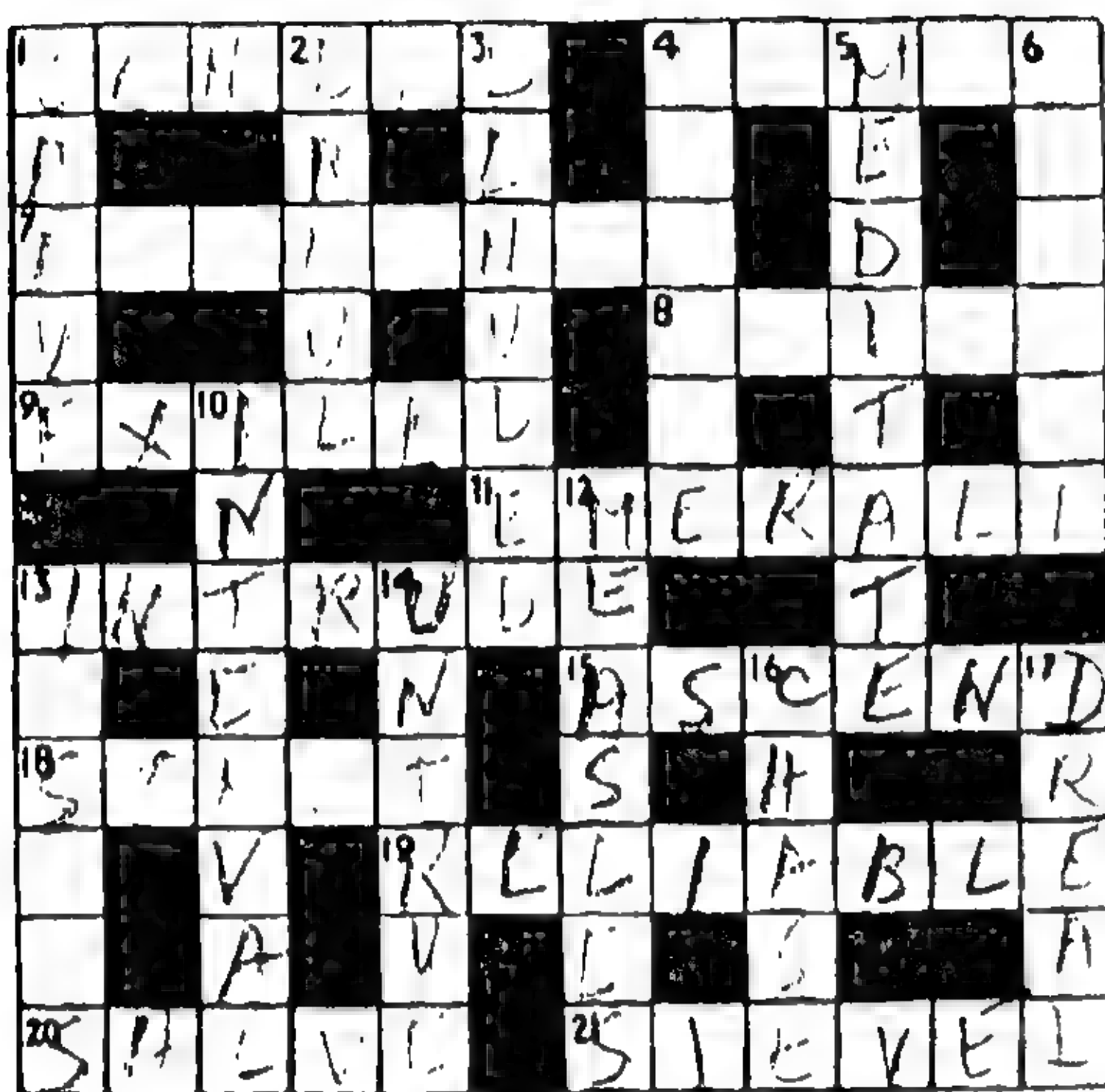
MR HAMISH GLEAVE. By Richard Llewellyn. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

LEWELLYN's sixth novel makes his admirers blush. It is a fatiguing, unconvincing story founded on the Donald Maclean incident. Hamish Gleave, impoverished aristocrat on the Foreign Office pay roll, is so sickened by the struggle to keep up appearances in an unfriendly capitalist world that he turns towards Communism.

Writing is slack, in the glossy-magazine style, e.g. "silken commentary of dispassion." The reader of Hamish Gleave will hardly believe that it is only five books since "How Green Was My Valley."

Time to change the needle.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Frank (6).
 - Kept (6).
 - Hammy (6).
 - Disturbed (8).
 - Entry (6).
 - Special (8).
 - Average (8).
 - Special (8).
- DOWN**
- Head (6).
 - Speed (6).
 - Muse (6).
 - Influenced (8).
 - Break (6).
 - Adjust (7).
 - Comes out (6).
 - Fall (6).
 - Pursue (6).
 - Fear (5).
 - Open (5).
 - Settles (8).
 - Injure (8).
 - Lays (8).
 - Sells (5).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD:—Across: 1 Opal, 2 Settles, 3 Apex, 4 Star, 5 Pirates, 6 Dais, 7 Medie, 8 Artists, 9 Inure, 10 Agree, 11 Salutes, 12 Aids, 13 Veal, 14 Cuts, 15 Lure, 16 Also, 17 Repulse, 18 Nose, 19 Down, 20 Potom, 21 Larver, 22 Septa, 23 Exista, 24 Trade, 25 Event, 26 Miss, 27 Dull, 28 Salt, 29 Sess, 30 Reveal, 31 Gallon, 32 Edicts, 33 Alike, 34 Usage, 35 Sells.

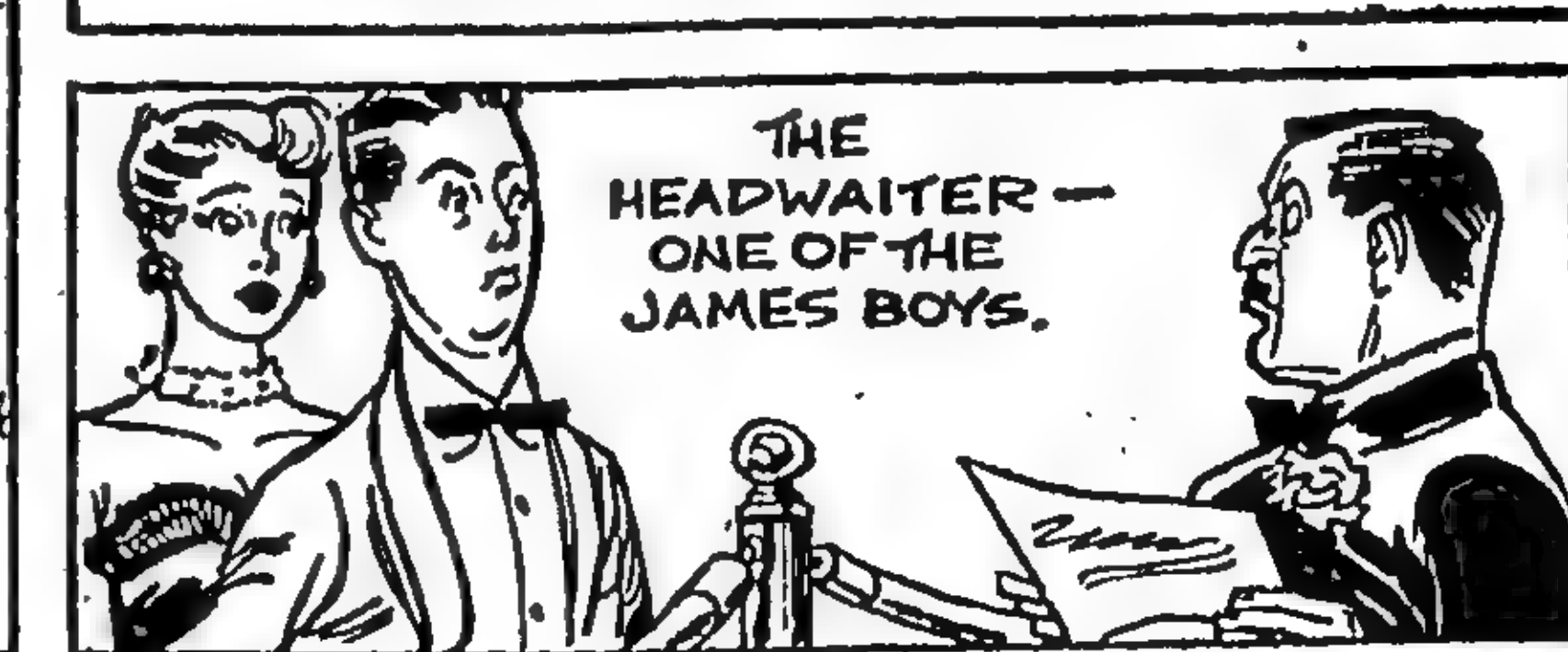
Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Pull Up A Chair

BY HARRY WEINERT



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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

Her Majesty's Message For Commonwealth Youth Sunday

Commonwealth Youth Sunday unites the young people of the Commonwealth in a service of dedication which will be observed from the central service in Westminster Abbey to a gathering of five thousand of all races in Western Australia, or a tiny outpost in Bechuanaland.

In Hongkong the day will be celebrated with a service from St. John's Cathedral in which the preacher will be the Right Reverend Bishop R. O. Hall.

During the service which Radio Hongkong will broadcast at 11 a.m. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, will read a message from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth specially addressed to all young people of the Commonwealth.

RACING

Racing enthusiasts can hear a commentary by Peter O'Sullivan on the Newmarket Races relayed at 11.25 on Wednesday.

THE BUDDHIST JAYANTE

On May 17 Buddhists in Hongkong will be celebrating the Buddha Jayante, the 2,500th anniversary of the death of Gautama Buddha whose adherents number one-fifth of the world's population. At 8.15 on Thursday listeners can hear a talk on the meaning and significance of this unique occasion by Bhadda Bhadda.

PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Next week Hongkong will be visited by the first time in the history by a Symphony Orchestra in full strength, the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Conducted by Eugene Wood, it is reported to be among the four best in the United States. In order to give listeners a preview of its quality, the "Sunday Concert" at 9.30 tomorrow will be devoted to recordings made by the Los Angeles Philharmonic under their permanent conductor, Alfred Walter.

RECEIPTS

Two interesting receipts will be given on Monday at 9.30 and on Tuesday at 8.15 by the Hongkong Philharmonic and by Lucy Wang, pianist. Both these young artists hope to travel to London where they will study at the Royal College of Music and The Royal Academy of Music.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 880 kilocycles per second.)

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

1.30 p.m. THE NEWS.

1.45 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

2.00 p.m. THE NEWS.

2.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

2.30 p.m. THE NEWS.

2.45 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

3.00 p.m. THE NEWS.

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3.45 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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2.00 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) ON SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

2.15 EVENING STAR—BRIEF NEWS.

2.30 MUSIC FROM OPERA.

2.45 THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

3.00 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) ON SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

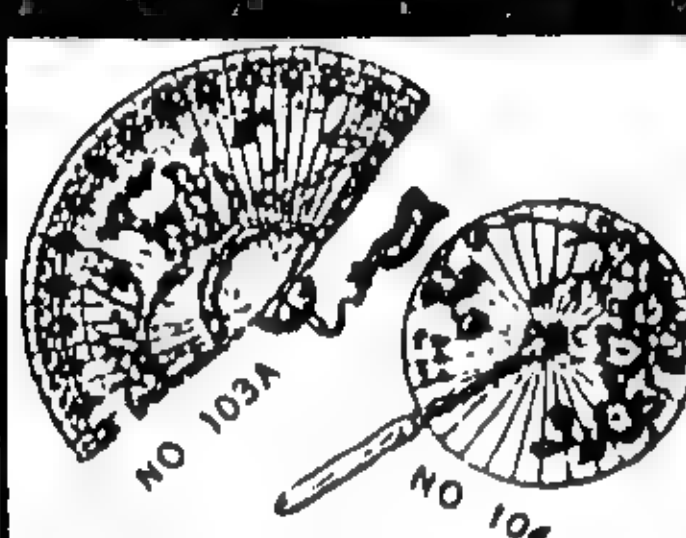
3.15 EVENING STAR—BRIEF NEWS.</

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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

TWELFTH (WHITSUN) RACE MEETING
Saturday 19th and Monday 21st May, 1956

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 22 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on the 1st Day.

On the 2nd Day the First Race will be run at 1.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon. The 15th race will be run at 1.30 p.m.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on the 1st Day and at 10.00 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

THE 1955 SETS OF MEMBERS' BADGES AND LADIES' BROOCHES ARE VALID UNTIL THE END OF THE CURRENT RACING SEASON.

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission tickets at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road only on the written introduction of a member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission. Chater Road MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Play Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$44.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Agular Street during normal office hours and until 10.00 a.m. on the 1st Day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 10th May, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN. PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tip Men, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

EVERY SPORTSMAN SHOULD BACK HKFA'S EFFORTS TO ELIMINATE FOUL PLAY

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

What is the duty of a sports writer? Should he use the space which is placed at his disposal to air his own views on some particular subject or should he show impartiality and from time to time present other people's sides of the story even if these happen to be at variance with his own?

I have pondered that question at length during the past week and I now feel satisfied in my own mind that if a writer is not prepared to be impartial, or if he is not prepared to balance his own views against those of others, then his work loses much of its value.

These mental meanderings arise out of my article last Saturday regarding the severity of punishments being given to offending players by the appropriate committee of the Hong Kong Football Association.

Personally I have never disguised my views on the matter. I believe that a player who deliberately commits either an unprovoked or provoked offence during a game deserves everything that is coming to him, except probably the misguided sympathy of partisan parties.

I believe too that the general hold conduct of a player in very often an accurate reflection of the controlling policy of the team he represents, and I know from past experience that in clubs where that background influence is good the feeling of respect is all the greater when an unprovoked incident occurs.

This is as true in Hong Kong as it is in other parts of the world and if you doubt my words let me tell you that only this leading team made a high level approach to their counterparts in another side in order to offer their sincere apologies for the actions of the players of one of the

behaviour of their players during a game in which the two clubs had been involved.

Last week I presented another man's view on the present crop of heavy suspensions being awarded to local players who come up before the HKFA charged with misbehaviour in the field of play. That gentleman suggested that generally the standard of punishment was too severe.

You will remember that among his several points he gave it as his opinion that instead of making the players repentant of their actions it would breed a collection of bitter and discontented men.

HOUSE IS DIVIDED

These were his personal views. I do not agree with him. There are, however, others who do and by the same token there are those who are quite open in stating that the players deserve all that they get.

During the week I talked with sportsmen from both sides of the argument. One well-known official said, to use his own words, "If it happened to one of my players I would fight it to the bitter end. I think the suspensions are unrealistic and I am sure they will do more harm than good."

Another official who has a long and distinguished connection with Hong Kong football in many different capacities is just as definite that the present method of heavy suspension is the only way to halt the dangerous trend towards crude and unacceptable soccer.

When pressed to be more definite he said, "I have been in the closest touch with Colony football for more years than I like to recall and I could point out some of our present players who have been saved from suspension by the fact that the Association imposed heavy suspensions—some of them as long as 18 months—and made the players realise once and for all that if they resorted to foul play they would be the ones to suffer most in the long run."

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which surrounds them, they would be accepted without undue comment and publicity. It's the trimmings that transform even the most straightforward of these transactions into some sort of deeply hatched plot.

I wonder how many of the migration plans I have been told about will in fact work out as predicted.

SHIELD SIDELIGHTS

The Stanley Shield has once again attracted very good crowds to the Club Stadium. Generally speaking, enthusiasts have had a good reason for their money, and charity too will do well out of the willing efforts of our players.

The competition, as well as providing attractive entertainment, has also provided one or two interesting and even controversial issues.

The first of these occurred last Saturday when several people in the centre stand spotted the fact that the referee in charge of one of the games had his linesmen on the left wing of the two attacks and was himself running a LEFT diagonal.

It was as strange an arrangement as one could expect to see but it had a humorous side too. During the second half of the game the referee, away out on the left wing, watched intently as the ball went out of play from a scrimmage near the right hand corner flag.

There was no immediate decision as the official looked for the linesman to give his opinion. But he looked in vain for the linesman was actually standing a couple of yards behind him on the left touchline!

The second issue came the same night. The question of a line was to decide when a corner was not a corner, it happened in the Sui-Tac-Arm game. The soldiers were awarded a corner just before the interval but before the ball could be kicked the whistle went for half-time.

Come to think of it, the line level on goals and they are therefore valuable assets. The interval score was actually announced three times; first of all giving the soldiers the benefit of the award, then taking it away from them, and finally restoring it to their score-sheet. Indeed, when is a corner not a corner?

MOST CONTROVERSIAL

The most controversial situations took place during the Army-Kitchen match on Tuesday and although I know I shall be disappointing some people by not enlarging on them I feel that the weight of public and press opinion on word and deed has already been so forcibly expressed that it saves me the unpleasant task of labouring the point.

However, the game served to emphasise still further... a thing that has been most noticeable in the competition. It is surely unfair to ask our junior referees who have spent the season handling the slower football of the lower divisions to take charge of streamlined seven-a-side games which feature two top class senior teams.

The pace of the whole thing catches them unawares and they are often left far behind the surge of play... sometimes too far behind to give on-the-spot decisions.

Incidentally one quote from this game will stop a lot of unnecessary argument—the speaker is Cheng Koon-hing, the Kitchen goalie—"We were very lucky, the ball was over the line before I caught it—but the referee waved play on—and that's what I did..." What could be fairer than that?

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Bill O'Reilly
By ARCHIE QUICK

Among the camp followers the Australian cricketers have brought with them to England what a host there are—Bill O'Reilly, probably the best of all Australian off spinners.

The big, bluff, baldish New South Wallian is now past fifty years of age and this is his fifth visit to the Home Country—two as a player, three as a journalist. And his opinions are very much to the point. He told me a day or two ago: "While I agree that it is bowlers who win matches, naturally I say that—and I concede that England are likely to have a stronger speed and spin attack. I still think Australia will just win the Ashes back."

Reason, Hutton and Compton cannot be replaced immediately, and, for five day Tests, I believe Australia have five top batsmen more consistent than England has. Harvey will probably be the best but on either side. Allowing for unconscious bias that is a statement to be respected.

A REALITY

O'Reilly never failed to take less than twenty wickets in each of the four Test series in which he played against England, starting against Jardine's team in Australia in December, 1932, and ending with Bradman's team in England in August 1938. He was 33 then and at the height of his powers. How can you say what would have been his record if the War had not intervened?

"Tiger" Bill gave a hint of the threat that was later to become a reality when he took five for 63 and five for 66 in the Second Test at Melbourne in January 1933, capturing the wickets of Wyatt (twice), Nwab of Patnaudi, Leyland, Allen, Sutcliffe, Hammond, Ames, Larwood and Voce. Not a bad bag for a new recruit! He invariably finished top of the Test averages after that, and in all took 144 Test wickets against all countries in 27 matches.

O'Reilly made a joke of his batting. More often than not he failed to reach double figures "saving myself for better things," but he did get into the thirties twice—not on each occasion at that—and then, as a batsman, he was a real success. In 1938 against an attack comprising Farnes, Wellard, Wright, Verity and Edrich. That was in a gallant eighth wicket attempt to gain first innings lead in company with Bill Brown.

Everybody, including Bradman, had failed in face of an English total of 498, but O'Reilly and Brown were the chief reasons why Australia's score got to 422. Brown's contribution was 206 not out. "My only Test batting success," says O'Reilly modestly.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Last year Meld, a filly owned by Lady Zia Werhner, won three of the biggest races of the flat season.
2. What were the names of the two horses who won the FA Cup?
3. How many London clubs have won the FA since the war?
4. Last year Britain held a Wimbledon title for the first time in 13 years. What was it and who won it?
5. How many times have England beaten Scotland in international soccer since the war?
6. What are the national sports of the following countries? Switzerland, America, Malaysia.
7. What is Eskimo boxing?
8. With what sport do you connect the Harlem Globetrotters?
9. In 1930-31 West Bromwich Albion fulfilled two feats. What were they?
10. Who holds the Squash "Open" title?

(Answers see Page 17)

THE LAWN BOWLS LEAGUE SEASON GETS PROPERLY UNDER WAY TODAY

By "TOUCHER"

After a poor opening last Saturday the Colony Lawn Bowls League season finally gets under way this afternoon with a full programme of four First Division, five Second Division and four Third Division matches. Commanding special interest are the First Division reigning champions Club de Recreo and top contenders Craigengower Cricket Club who will both make their initial roll-up this season.

With only eight teams taking part in this Division of the League this year, early season form will have an important bearing on the final destination. This will be more so for Recreo and the Valley club who will meet in an early clash at the Valley on Wednesday.

Both Champions and contenders will have worthy opponents this afternoon, Recreo playing away against Kowloon Bowling Green Club and Craigengower being at home to the Indian Recreation Club "Blues".

The Champions, who are without the services of the two Luz brothers and "Spoty" Pereira, are noted for their slow start. Last year they opened the season by beating the Recreo "Whites" by 4-1 and then lost to Kowloon Cricket Club and Kowloon Bowling Green Club successively by 4-1 margin.

The Bowling Club, however, have lost no fewer than six of their last season's players, including Colony champion Eric Laddell and skip Alex Harvey, Jack McKelvie, and M. E. Purvis.

An upset is not impossible, but despite the good bowling shown by the Bowling Club twelve last week in their match

against the Filipino Club, this will probably be too much to expect from them. A close game should be seen with the Champions emerging winners by a 4-1 margin.

MUCH EASIER

In comparison, Craigengower will have a much easier match against the depleted Indian Recreation Club "Blues", and should be able to average their 4-1-1/2 first-round defeat last season.

I doubt, however, if they will be able to do so by the same margin. The very successful Open Championship season enjoyed by the Valley Club last year has had the pleasing effect of attracting wider interest in the sport among its bowlers, and has enabled it to field three teams this year.

As is usually the case with lawn bowls teams, the greatest difficulty is to have the right man play in the right position. This is far from being solved in the Craigengower line-up and may likely cost them one point at least against the Indians and probably the first crucial match against Recreo on Wednesday.

The "dark horse" of the First Division this season is Kowloon Cricket Club. The KCC bowlers appear fairly lame on paper but against a good opposition they are a credit to their steady and consistent bowling and ex-

cellent fighting spirit to invariably end up among the top three in the Division's final League table.

For them this afternoon a win against the Indian Recreation Club "Gold" is a foregone conclusion.

Of great importance to them will be the result of the match against the Indians, for a win will give them a good opportunity of scoring for their defeat when they entertain Filipino Club this afternoon. A 4-1 and even a 5-0 victory for them seems very likely.

SECOND DIVISION

In the Second Division top favourites Kowloon Dock "B" will be given the easy task of piling it up against their club-mates, the "Whites". A 5-0 win will keep their hundred per cent record in two matches.

Second favourites Recreo dropped one point last week to the Police, and will have to make it up this afternoon against the Police, for a win will keep them close to Kowloon Dock "B". With green advantage on their side they should be able to take at least four points from this game.

Both the USRC and Filipino Club registered good wins last week and will be two teams for both Kowloon Dock "B" and Recreo to watch. The clash between the two this afternoon should provide an excellent game, with the Services Club enjoying a solid edge. The USRC, with already five points to their credit, are expected to enhance their position as another top contender for the Second Division title. Against the Police, the Police seem to be fairly certain for a win. Whether they can take their fifth point depends on the ability of the rink that will be matched against Holland and his men.

At Stanley the Prison Officers open their season by taking on the Cricket Club and can look forward to at least three points from this game.

THIRD DIVISION

Most interesting of the Third Division games will be that between HKRC and KCC. Although the Bowling Club bowlers collected full points from FRC last week, the Footballers claimed a more spectacular victory when they lowered the colours of the "mighty" HKPSA by 4-1 margin.

Together with HKRC they rank as the top favourites for the Third Division title and the outcome of this game will have an important bearing on the Championship title. The Bowling Club team seems the better-balanced side.

Both HKRC and HKPSA should experience little difficulty in collecting at least four points from FRC and FC and Craigengower, making its first appearance in the Third Division after a lapse of a couple of years, will be given a good chance of starting with a win against Kowloon Cricket Club.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
KBCC v. Recreo
CCC v. IRC "B"
TC v. FC
IRC "G" v. KCC
Second Division
Recreo v. HKRC
USRC v. FC
POC v. HKCC
KCC v. FRC
KCC v. WFC
Third Division
KCC v. CCC
HKRC v. FRC
HKRC v. KBCC
FC v. HKPSA
TOMORROW
Valley Shield
CCC v. FRC
WEDNESDAY
First Division
CCC v. Recreo

POP



IT'S AN OWL



IT SOUNDS MORE LIKE A HOOT THAN A HOWL



WELL, HOWLS 'OOT!



PRECIOUS DROPS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS



IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE NEW BOYS Jim Burke Almost Certain To Be One Of The Openers For Australia

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

The success of the Australians will hinge largely on the ability of their new players to adapt themselves quickly to the varying conditions that apply in Britain.

A lot must depend on New South Welshman Jim Burke. He is almost certain to be one of the openers for the Tests and will face the English speed attack when it is fresh and has the new ball.

Burke is an ideal type of batsman to succeed on this tour. He has a short backlift, and watches the ball right on to the bat. Combined with his intense concentration and correct footwork, this should ensure his success. Basically his play is of a defensive nature, but he can also play shots, and does so once he settles in.

Conditions in Britain are not entirely new to Burke. Two years ago he had a very successful season in the Lancashire League, when he took his team, Tordouley, to the top and won the Knockout Worsley Cup. A useful off-spinner, he will be a danger to any team the Aussies may meet.

For the first time, Western Australia have a representative in the team in John Rutherford. He also belongs to the "short backlift school" and has had a good season in Australia. I saw him bat for a short time while I was over there last season, and to me he appears to play too much from the crease. Unless he cures this fault, it could easily be his undoing when he plays on English wickets that cause the ball to play unexpected tricks.

THESE VITAL GAMES
Queensland's Peter Burge with delight spectators with his fluent stroke play. He has had a good season in Australia, but seems to lack enough concentration to go on to a really large score. All too often he gets out just when he is seeing the ball well. If he plays in the Tests, he must overcome these lapses. In these vital games the visitors cannot afford to have batsmen virtually throwing wickets away.

Another Queenslanders, Ken Mackay, has been knocking at

the Test selectors' door for several years. He gained recognition this time after an exceptionally good season at home.

Mackay could not be called an elegant player, in any sense of the word. Nevertheless this down-left-hander's ability is proved by his past performance. He stays at the wicket at all costs, never loses concentration, and lets the runs come where they may. His slow play may earn him some criticism during the tour, but to the Aussies' will be a tremendous asset for wearing down the bowling.

These newcomers, with Colin McDonald, are Australia's only meat of starting wicket, amassing a good total. Should they fail to come up to standard, then the way will be open for the English bowlers to make an early attack on the stroke players—as they did in the last series.

"DRAG" CONTROVERSY
From the bowling point of view, pacifier Pat Crawford should do very well, if he plays in the Tests. He could easily force his way into the team with his ability to bowl a Keith Miller pace, and move the ball both ways.

At the moment, this tall New South Welshman is the subject of a great deal of controversy over his drag. Personally I see no objection to this drag problem, as the law stands at the moment. It is a physical impossibility for any bowler either fast or slow, to bowl off the back foot. Consequently every bowler drags over the line prior to delivery.

Last year it was suggested that the bowler's front foot

should land behind the popping crease. This could have been the solution, but several umpires have told me that if they watch the front foot of the bowler, there is no time to observe where the ball pitches on the wicket, and this is absolutely necessary for giving low decisions.

The rule and application have stood the test for a long time now, and I see no need to interfere with it. These queries always come up at the start of a tour. Tyson met them in Australia, Lindwall in 1948—and after all the umpires are there to see that the bowler lands behind the line.

SHOULD SUIT HIM

Left arm spinner, Jack Wilson is another player with great possibilities. Although he is not an attacking bowler like Leck, the conditions should suit him admirably. However, I think he will find it more effective to bowl around, instead of over the wicket, as he usually does.

The only other new man is the Victorian keeper, Len Maddocks. This is his first tour of 11 years, but he has played against the MCC in Australia, and toured the West Indies. He is not as good with the gloves as Gil Langley, but is a good bat, and gave the MCC plenty of trouble in Australia. These newcomers with the "old hands", provide a strong team who will give us some cricket worth watching during the season.

TIP FOR THE WEEK:—Never underestimate any player. This makes him twice the player that he really is.

(COPYRIGHT)

JIM BURKE PADS UP



Burke at Lord's for a practice with his teammates.
—Central Press Photo.

SPORTS ROUNDOABOUT By W. Capel Kirby

Denis—No Tests

Sad news from Compton admirers is that Denis will not play until late in the season instead of June as confidently anticipated a week ago.

As Denis walked round Lord's to welcome the Aussies at their first net practice there was no limp or visible sign of anything seriously wrong.

In fact, he looked fitter than for a long time, but I understand "The Knee" has to pay yet another visit to the manipulative surgeon who is as anxious as any of us to see Denis back at the wicket.

Compton's chief fitness incentive is to get among the runs before the MCC tour of South Africa, his wife's home, where it is said he plans to settle when his playing days are finished.

"It's simple. I shall delay serious competition for three months," was John Disley's reply to my query about the difficulty of being at peak form for the out-of-season Melbourne Olympics. In other words no steepchase racing for Disley until July.

ANY OFFERS?

Lincoln City are not asking the moon for inside forwards Jimmy Garvie (26) or Brian Birch (23), formerly with Manchester United and Wolves.

Garvie arrived at Lincoln via Hibs and Preston.

Coventry manager George Raynor, who left Sweden because he was fed up with star-making for Italian punters, has been invited back to discover and develop 1956 World Cup talent.

"My place is here at home," said George.

I ASK YOU

I wonder whether we have seen the last of cheerful Chris Chataway as an international truck performer?

Whether Mel Charles, Ivor Allchurch and other Welsh internationals will be leaving the valleys for First Division heights?

Whether Ted Purdon and Ken Chisholm will be wasting away after being left out of Sunder-

land's touring party leaving for Israel tomorrow?

Newcastle and Manchester United have made a note of Scotland's most promising young right winger, Joe Hogan (17½), former boys' golf championship finalist. But would Partick park? Joe's still at school and vapidly minded.

When Ken Armstrong isn't playing golf he's watching the big tournament players, which is just what the doctor orders for his recovery from recent lung trouble.

Chelsea's decline in the second half of the season was almost entirely due to this wing half's absence.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Motor Sports: Club Spring Rally, New Territories and Island.
Lawn Bowls
Division 1: KBOC v RCTC, TC v FC, IRC (Gold) v KOC, OOC v IRC (B).
Division 2: RCTC v HKFC, USBC v FC, POC v HKCC, KCC v CCC, KCC (W) v KCC (B).
Division 3: KCC v CCC, HKFC v PRC, HKFC v KBOC, FC v HKPSA.

Stanley Shield Finals.

TOMORROW

3rd Division: Soldiers v REME, 4.30 p.m. (HV); Talook v Dairy Farm (HV) 8 p.m.
4th Division: B & S v University, 4.30 p.m. (HV); Road Works v Dodwell, 4.30 p.m. (HV); Watsons v RL (HV) 6 p.m.; Crawford v KIN. Godown (HV) 6 p.m.
Shoot.
HKFA Practice Shoot at Kai Tak Range, 9 a.m.

ROY PESKETT RECALLS THE DRAMAS

AND THRILLS OF WEMBLEY

A SHORT STEP SEPARATES TRAGEDY FROM JOY

The loneliest place in football is the dressing-room of the losing team in a Wembley Cup Final. Opposite, across the concrete tunnel which leads from the historic grass bowl, is the winners' enclosure—all delight and laughter, where flashbulbs compete with champagne bubbles.

But, after the first quick inquests, visits from newsmen and photographers, nobody wants to know the losers. Many a time I have watched as a player, his once brand-new kit now creased and clinging with perspiration, his world crashed before him, has been too tired to drag himself to the showers.

There have been 27 finals for the Football Association Challenge Cup at Wembley, from that first day in 1923 when the crowd overran the pitch and the white horse and its police escort rode into football history.

Because it has become part of our history, and because of the almost priceless piece of past-board which gives admittance, the Cup Final provides more drama, tragedy, excitement, and interest than any other match of the year.

The Cup Final story is littered with memories which will never fade. Almost everything has happened at Wembley, except that a player has never been ordered from the field. The only men to have left "before the end" have been the casualties.

Three times have penalties been awarded, and three times they have been turned into goals.

George Mutch, chunky little Preston North End Seal, was the first to face the ordeal of a spot-kick.

Recall that sunlit day in April, 1938. Ninety dull minutes have gone, and neither Huddersfield Town nor Preston have yielded a goal. On, for the first time in a Wembley final into extra time... and that, too, has almost run its course.

Then big Young brushes with the small Mutch, who, bowled over like a rabbit, lies flat on his face as referee Jimmy Jewell whistles a penalty. Up Mutch gets, and how near he is to missing his shot is shown by the blob of white wash on the ball as bounds down from the underside of the crossbar.

AGONY IN GOAL

Forward ten years, and the cold eyes of the newscast cameras dispute the referee's decision to give Blackpool a penalty which starts the goal rush in the greatest ever Wembley final. Big Eddie Shimwell shows no nerves as he bangs in the ball, but Manchester United still win 4-2.

It is 1954, and Ronnie Allen, of West Bromwich Albion, is the third man to take a penalty. But before he can take it, an opponent stops his run-up to point out that the ball has rolled off the spot. And Allen has to stamp down a "divot" on the whitewashed mark before shooting home.

Goalkeepers' mistakes have been plentiful, for as not Wembley been called "The 'Keepers' Graveyard"?

Remember the ball slithering off the shiny jersey of Arsenal's Welshman Dan Lewis, to give Wales, and Cardiff City, their first-ever English Cup? Since then no Arsenal goalkeeper has worn a new jersey in the final.

Remember 1953, when slips by Farnham (Blackpool) and Hanson (Bolton) gave a goal to each side in the "Stanley Matthews" match. And the thrills as Blackpool pull up from 1-3 down to snatch triumph, and a winner's medal for the peer-

less Stanley in the dying seconds.

CHARGED THROUGH
In that match Eric Bell was crippled, but stayed on to score a goal.

Fading from memory is that fantastic opening scene in 1928, when Blackburn Rovers' centre-forward, Roscamp, charged Huddersfield goalkeeper Mercer over the line, with the ball, less than a minute after the kick-off.

If that was an exciting start, Manchester City supplied just as dramatic a finish six years later, when Fred Tilson kept his half-time dressing-room promise ("I'll plonk two in in the second half") and goalkeeper Frank Swift, just 19, keels over in a faint as referee Stanley Tious blows for time.

Eleven minutes to go in 1952, and Arsenal, with Jimmy Logie on one leg (Newcastle skipper Joe Harvey said he was tired out in the second half through constantly picking up Logie) and Daniel nursing a broken wrist, hit the cross-bar, and the ball goes over. Six minutes later Newcastle hit a post, and the ball goes in.

In the previous match between the teams 20 years before, J.R. Richardson crossed the ball for Allen to head into the Arsenal net, and the "Over the Line" goal went into history—the most controversial goal of the whole 51 scored in Wembley finals.

The shadow of the Great Zeppelin hovered over the 1930 final, and Alex James set Arsenal on the winning road to a goal "stolen" from a freekick—his first goal of the season.

Joe Bradford scored for Birmingham (before they added "City" to their name) the following year, crippled himself in so doing, and finished on the wing.

The first post-war final gave us the magic of Derby County's Carter and Doherty, the burst-

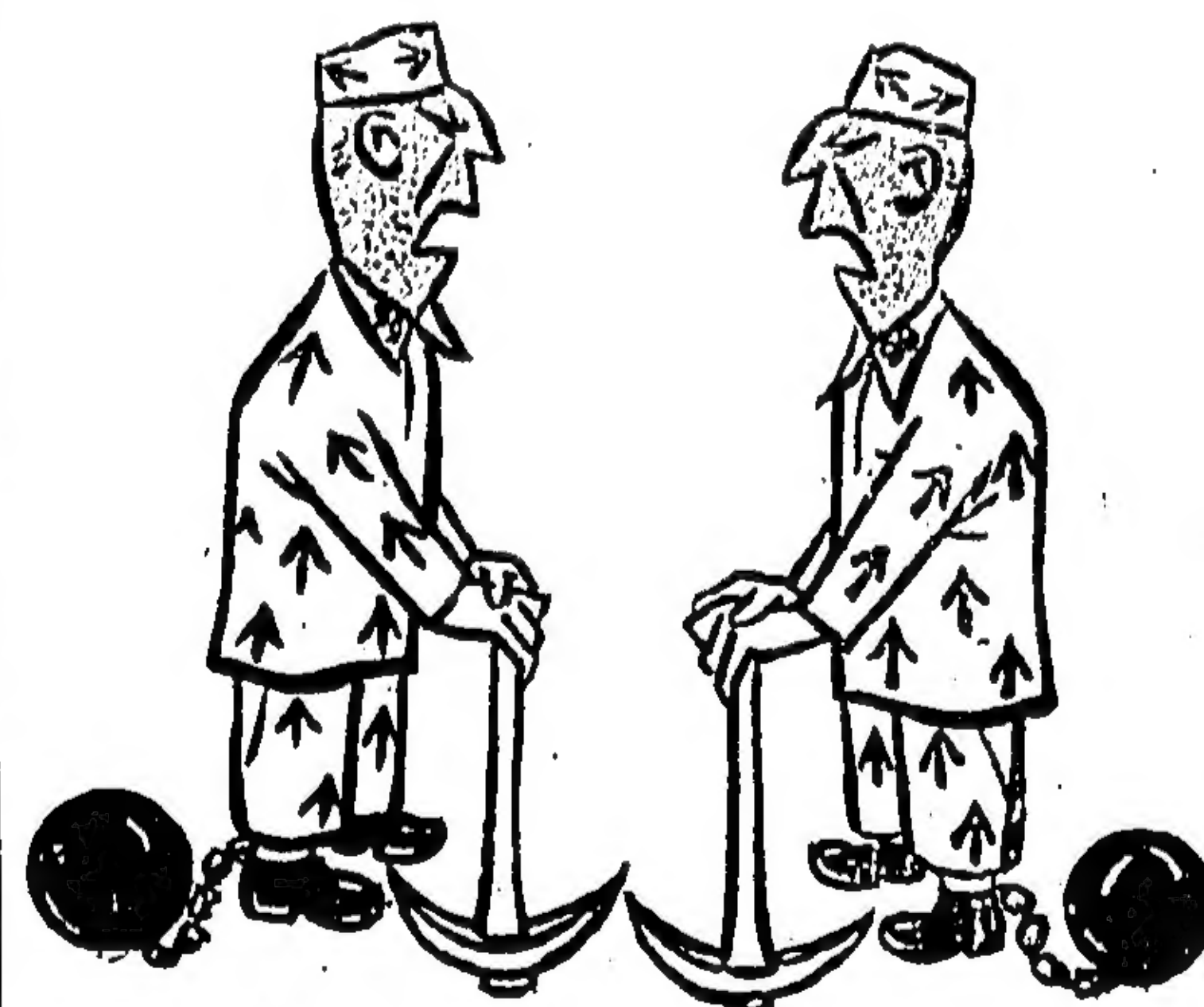
WEMBLEY'S 28 FINALS

1923 Bolton W. 2	West Ham 0
1924 Newcastle U. 2	Aston Villa 0
1925 Sheffield U. 1	Cardiff City 0
1926 Bolton W. 1	Manchester C. 0
1927 Cardiff City 1	Arsenal 0
1928 Blackburn R. 2	Huddersfield T. 0
1929 Bolton W. 2	Portsmouth 0
1930 Arsenal 2	Huddersfield T. 0
1931 W. Brom. 2	Birmingham 1
1932 Newcastle U. 2	Arsenal 0
1933 Everton 3	Manchester C. 0
1934 Man. 1	Exetermouth 0
1935 Sheffield W. 4	Wolverhampton 0
1936 Arsenal 1	Sheffield U. 0
1937 Sunderland 1	Preston N.E. 0
1938* Preston N.E. 1	Huddersfield T. 0
1939 Portsmouth 4	Wolverhampton W. 1
1940* Derby C. 1	Charlton A.D. 0
1941* Charlton A.D. 1	Bury 0
1942 Man. U. 4	Blackpool 0
1943 Walsbyrn W. 3	Leicester C. 0
1944 Arsenal 2	Liverpool 0
1945 Newcastle U. 2	Blackpool 0
1946 Newcastle U. 1	Arsenal 0
1947 Blackpool 1	Bolton 0
1948 W. Brom. 3	Preston N.E. 0
1949 Newcastle U. 3	Manchester C. 1
1950 Wolverhampton 3	Birmingham 1

*After extra time.

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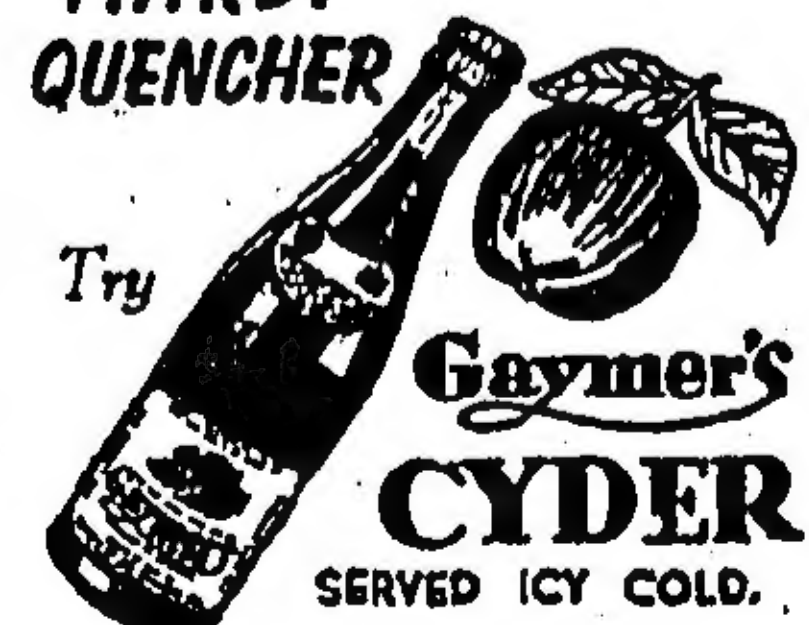
The finish of the 2,000 Guineas at Newmarket on May 2. First was Mr A. G. Samuel's Gilles de Retz (F. Barlow up), second was Mrs E. Foster's Chantelesy (E. Britt up) and third was H. H. the Aga Khan's Buisson Ardent (P. Poincelly up).—Central Press Photo.

THE GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby

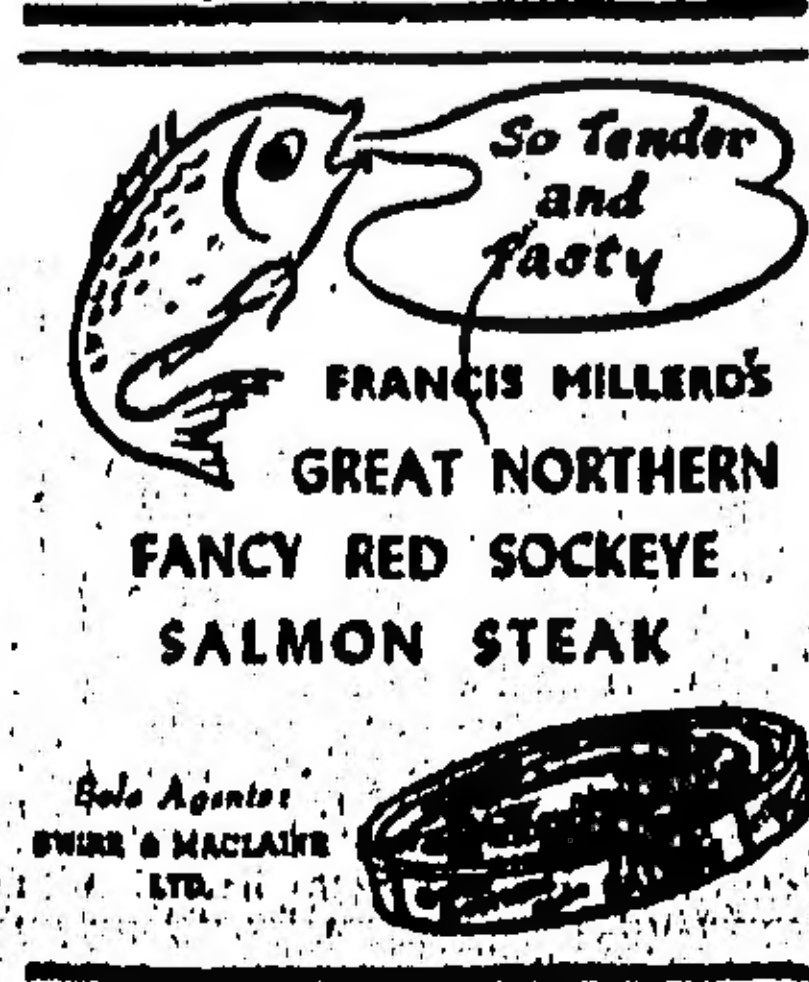


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